The Frontiſpiece.

SCulptures *are uſeleſs here, or* Lines *in prayſe,*
The Soul *of* Poetry *ſlights all weaker* Bayes;
As Sol *inveſted in his beſt Array,*
Takes not, but gives more glory to the day,
With's livening Beams gladding the teeming Earth,
To Budds, to Bloſſoms, and to Flow'rs gives Birth:
So do theſe three times three *in Harmony*
Give Birth to Arts, *new life to* Poetry.
Love *offers here his Quiver, and his Bow,*
Vowing henceforth he will a Pigrim *go*
Unto the Muſes Temple, *there to joyne*
In Diapaſons *with theſe Sacred* Nine.
Apollo *here new-ſtrings his golden* Lyre,
And wiſe Minerva *ſings unto this* Quire:
Venus *ſlights* Mars, *not deigning once to look*
On any other Object, *but this* Book.

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THE HARMONY OF THE MUSES: OR,

The Gentlemans and Ladies Choiſeſt Recreation; Full of various, pure, and tr. ſcendent Wit.

Containing ſeverall excellent Poems; Some, Fancies of Love, ſome of Diſdain, and all the ſubjects incident to the paſſionate Affections either of men or women.

Heretofore written by thoſe unimitable Maſters of Learning and Invention,

Dr. *Joh. Donn*, Dr. *Hen. King*, Dr. *W. Stroad*, Sr. *Kenelm Digby*, Mr. *Ben. Johnſon*, Mr. *Fra. Beamont*, *J. Cleveland*, *T. Randolph*, *T. Carew*.

And others of the moſt refined Wits of thoſe *TIMES*.

Never before Publiſhed.

London, Printed by *T. W.* for *William Gilbertſon* at the ſign of the Bible in *Giltſpur-ſtreet* without *Newgate*. 1654.

THE

HARMONY

OF THE

MUSES:

The Gentlemans and Ladies

TO THE READERS.

THere needs no Commendatory Epistle to perswade you to the entertaining of this Book; The onely Names of the Authours are eloquent enough: It were unnecessary Art and labour to indeavor to present unto you the Transcendent height of their meritorious Pens, and with what delight beauty they have crowned Poetry, which is the Beauty and Delight of Learning. Poetry in their dayes flourished, and they flourished with it, and gave a Crown unto that which hath crowned them with Honor, and perpetuall Fame. The Genius of those times produced many incomparable Witts, who being excellent in themselves, in a noble emulation, contended who should excell each other. From hence it is we have so many admirable Pieces of Perfection derived to us, every Subject, in every particular, being so choicely handled, that what room is left unto Posterity, is rather to admire and imitate, then to equall them. There were never in one Age so many contemporary Patterns of Invention, or ever Witt that wrought higher or cleerer. For though our homely Progenitors, with too vain admiration were accustomed to prosecute the Issues of out-landish Witts, and believed

nothing to be exquisite, but what came from France *or* Italy; *yet this Age by Experience hath found, that without the least Imitation, we have given them Examples of our own, and excelled them as much in soundness as in Beauty. If any shall object, that here and there the* Fancy *seems some time too loose for such Reverend Names, let him impute it to the lightness of the Subject, and to the heat and vigour of their early Witts, when first these Ayres were breathed forth. The* Fancyes *of so many letter'd and unequalled men are here united into one Piece, and do challenge as much your applause, as entertainment; And being never before made publick, you may be the more obliged to take notice of them, and to gratulate the friendly hand that travelled in this* Collection, *which was onely but to please you.*

Farewell,

Yours devoted, R. C. Esq;

THE

THE HARMONY OF THE MUSES.

On the Choice of a Mistris.

When I do love, my Mistris must be fair;
Yet not extreamly, so shall I dispaire:
When I do Love, my Mistris must be wise,
Yet not all Wit, I'le not be so precize:
When I do love, my Mistris chaste must be,
Not obstinate, for then shee's not for me;
For when I love, my Mistris must be kind,
Yet not before I her with Merit bind;
Shee whom I love, needs not for to be rich,
For Vertue, and not wealth, doth me bewitch;
She whom I love, must once have lov'd before,
For meeting equall, we may love the more:
And to conclude, my Mistris must be young,
And last, what's hardest, not have too much toung.

An Elegie made by J.D.

COme Maddam come, all stay my powers deny,
Untill I labour, I in labour ly
The foe oft-times having the foe in sight,
Is tir'd with standing, though he never fight:
Off with your girdle, like heaven's Zone glistering
But a far fairer World incompasing.
Unpin that spangled breast-plate which you wear,
That eyes of busy fools may be stopt there.
Unlace your self, for that Harmonious chime
Tell's me from you, that now it is bed-time.
Off with that happy busk, which I envie,
That still can be, and still can stand so nie.
Your gown going off, such beauteous state reveals,
As when from flowery meads hills shadows steales.
Off with that wiery Corronet, and show
The happier diadem, which on you doth grow.
Off with those shoos, that thou may'st safely tread
In this (Loves hallowed Temple) this soft bed.
In such white roabs, heavens Angels use to be
Receiv'd by men; thou Angels bringst with thee.
A heavenly *Mahomets* Paradise, and though
Ill spirits walke in white, we easily know
By this, these Angels from an evill sprite,
They see our hairs, but these our flesh upright.
Licence my roving hands, and let them goe
Behind, before, above, between, belowe.

O my *Americka*! my New-found-Land!
The Kingdom's safest, when by one man man'd:
My Mine of precious stones! my Emperie!
How blest am I in this discovering thee.
To enter into these bonds, is to be free,
Then where my hand is set, my seal shall bee;
As souls in bodies, bodyes uncloath'd must bee
To taste these joyes; Those Jems you Women use
Are as *Atlanta's* Balls cast in mens views,
That when a fools eye lighteth on a Jem,
His earthly soul may covet theirs, not them:
Like Pictures, or like Books gay covering made
For Lay-men, are all Women thus array'd:
Themselves are Mistick bodies, which hourly we
(Whom their imputed grace will dignifie)
Must see reveal'd: then since that I may know
(As liberally) as to a Mid-wife show
Thy self; Cast you all this white Linnen hence,
There is no Penhance due to Innocence;
To teach thee, I am naked first; Why than
Needst thou to have more covering then a man.

The Rapture, by J. D.

IS she not wondrous fair? but yet I see
She is so much too fair, too sweet for me:
That I forget my self, and a new fire
Hath taught me not to love, but to admire!

Ju

Juſt as the Sun, methinks I ſee her face,
Which I may gaze upon, but not imbrace:
For 'tis heavens pleaſure ſure ſhe ſhould be ſent
As pure to heaven again, as ſhe was lent
To us; And bids us, as we hope for bliſs,
Not to profane her with one mortall kiſſe;
Then how cold growes my love, and oh how hot!
O how I love her, how I love her not:
Thus doth my Ague-love torment by turns,
Now well-nigh friezeth, now again it burns.

The Extreames, by T. C.

I'Le gaze no more on her bewitching face,
Sure ruin harbours there in every place:
Ile view no more thoſe cruel eyes of hers,
Which pleas'd or angry, ſtill are Murtherers:
For my enchanted ſoul, alas ſhe drowns,
With Calms and Tempeſts of her ſmiles & frowns.
If ſhe but dart (as lightning) through the ayre
Her beams of warmth, they'le kill me with deſpair
If ſhe behold me with a pleaſant eye,
I ſurfeit with exceſs of joy, and die.

A Sonnet.

A Sonnet.

THe World is nothing but inconſtancie,
How can it be ought elſe; when 'bove the ſky
Adultery is committed: mark theſe twins,
Earth, Ayre, and Water are heavens Concubines:
The Luſtfull Sun ingendereth with the earth,
And ſhe, as fruitfull, yeelds a happy birth
Of plants, of hearbs, of flowers: the labouring skies
Hurl hail-ſtones in the ſea, the ſurges riſe,
Swell, toſs and wallow, like the throwes of paine,
And monthly are delivered in the Maine.
The falſe Moon hath her changes; why ſhould men
Weak-temper'd Women then ſo much contemn:
If that the eſſentiall Powers congeminate,
How can this Earthy but incorporate?

Man's Miſerie, by Dr. K.

ILl buſied man! why doſt thou take ſuch care
To lengthen out thy lifes ſhort Callender?
When every ſpectacle thou lookſt upon
Preſents and acts thine execution:
Each dropping Seaſon, and each flowre doth crie
Fool, as I fade and wither, thou muſt die.
The beating of the pulſe, when thou art well,
Is juſt the towling of thy paſſing-bell.

Night

Night is the Hearſe, whoſe ſable Canopie
Covers alike diſeaſed day and thee.
And all thoſe weeping dews that nightly fall,
Are but as tears ſhed at thy funerall.

The Surfeit.

Diſdain me ſtill, that I may ever love,
For who his Love injoyes, can love no more;
War but now paſt, with eaſe men cowards prove,
And ſhips return'd do rot upon the ſhore. (fair,
Then though thou frown, I'le ſay thou art moſt
And ſtill Ile love, though ſtill I muſt diſpair.

As heat to life, ſo is deſire to love; (done,
And thoſe once gone, both love and life are
Let not my ſighs and tears thy vertue move;
Like baſer Mettalls, do not melt ſo ſoone.
Laugh at my woes, although I ever mourne,
Love ſufeits if enjoy'd, and turns to ſcorne.

To his Miſtris.

Here let me War, in theſe Armes let me lie,
Here let me parly, beſeech, bleed and die;
Thy Arms impriſon me, and my arms thee,
Thy heart my ranſom is, take mine for thee.

Other

Other men war, that they their reſt may gaine,
And we will reſt, that we may fight againe;
Thoſe warres the Ignorant, theſe the experienc'd
There we are alwayes under, here above. (prove,
There Engins a farr off move a juſt feare, (here:
But Thruſts, Pricks, Stabs; nay, bullets hurt not
There lies are wrong; here wee'l uprightly lie;
There men kill men; wee'l make one by and by:
There nothing; I not halfe ſo much can do
In theſe Warres, as they which from us two
Shall ſpring; thouſands we ſee which travell not
To warres, but ſtay at home, ſwords, guns and ſhot
Do make for others; Shall not I do then
More glorious ſervice, ſtaying to make men.

An Incouragement for young Lovers.

LOve's like a game at Tables, where the dy
Of womens mindes doth by affection flie:
If once you catch their fancie at a blot,
'Tis ten to one if that you enter not:
However, like a gameſter boldly venter,
And where you ſee the Point lie open, enter:
But mark it well, for by falſe play then,
Do what you can, they will be bearing men.

The choice of a Miſtris.

HEr for a Miſtris, faine would I enjoy,
That hangs the lip, and pouts at every toy,
Speaks like a wag, is fair, dare boldly ſtand,
And rear *Loves Standard* with a wanton hand,
Who in loves fight, for one blow gives me three,
And being ſtab'd, falls ſtreight to kiſſing me;
For if ſhe wants the Tricks of Venerie,
Were't *Venus* ſelf, I would not love her, I,
If ſhe be modeſt, wiſe, and chaſt of life,
Hang her; ſhee's good for nothing, but a wife.

To Mr. J. W. *a Parſon in* Devon. *Inviting him to come up to* London. *By* Joh. Myns.

HOw now *John*, what is't the care
Of thy ſmall Flock that keeps thee there?
Or hath the Biſhop in a rage
Forbid thy comming on our Stage?
Or wantſt thou coyne, or wantſt thou ſteed;
Theſe are Impediments indeed:
Now for thy Flock, the Sexton may
In due time ring, and let them pray:
The Biſhop with an offering,
Will be brought to any thing.

For

For two Sermons by the way,
Will Hoſt and Hoſtis, Tapſter pay:
A willing mind pawns Wedding ring,
Books, Wife, Children, Gown, any thing,
Nought unattempted, nought too deare
To ſee ſuch friends as thou haſt here:
For want of Coyne, I oft ſee *Vick*
Trudge up the Town with hazzel ſtick.
I met a Prieſt upon th' way,
Rid in a Waggon the other day,
Who told me that he venter'd forth
With one Tythe-Pigg of little worth,
With which, and ſaying grace at food,
And praying for Lord Carriers good,
He had arrived at's journeys end,
Without a penny, or a Friend;
And what great buſineſs doſt thou think,
Onely to ſee a friend and drink:
One friend, why thou haſt hundreds here,
That can make thee far greater cheere.
Ships lately from the Iland came,
With *Wine* thou never knewſt the name.
Monteſiaſco, Frantiniack,
Leaticum, and that *Old Sack*
Young *Herrick* took to entertaine
The *Muſes* to his ſprightly veine.
Come, come, and leave thy *Muddy Ale*,
That ſerves but for an old Wives tale,
And now and then to break a jeaſt
At ſome poor ſilly neighbors feaſt.

Come quickly then, and learne to see
Thy friends expect thy Witt and thee:
And though thou canst not come in state
On Cammels back, like *Coriate*,
Imagine that the Pack-horse bee
The Cammell in his book you see;
I know thou hast a fancy can
Conceive thy guide a *Caravan*:
Rather then stay, speak Treason there,
And come at Charges of the shire;
A *London* Goale, with friends and chink
Is worth your Viccaridge *John* I think.
But if besotted with that *One*,
Thou hast of *Ten*, stay there alone,
And too too late repent and cry
Thou hast lost thy friends, and 'mongst them I.

A Farewell to the World by Sir K. D.

FArewell you gilded follies, pleasing troubles,
Farewel ye honourd rags, ye chrystal bubbles;
Fame is but hollow eccho, Gold but clay,
Honour the darling but of one short day,
Beauties chief Idol but a Damask skin,
State but a golden prison to keep in,
And torture free-born minds; embroidered trains
Meerly but Pageants; proudly swelling Veines,

And

And bloud ally'd to greatneſs, is but loan,
Inherited, and purchaſt, not her own;
Fame, Riches, Honor, Beauty, State, Traine, Birth,
Are but the fading bleſſings of the earth:
I would be great, but ſee the Sun doth ſtill,
Level his beams againſt the riſing hill:
I would be rich, but ſee man too unkind,
Digs in the bowels of the richeſt Mine:
I would be fair, but ſee the Champion proud,
The worlds fair eye, oft ſetting in a cloud:
I would be wiſe, but that the Fox I ſee
Suſpected guilty, when the Aſſe goes free:
I would be poor, but ſee the humble graſſe,
Trampled upon by each unworthy Aſſe:
Rich hated, wiſe ſuſpected, ſcorn'd if poor,
Great feared, fair tempted, high envied more.
Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
Would Beauties Queen entitle me the fair,
Fame ſpeak me Honours Minion, could I vie
Angels with *India*, with a ſpeaking eye, (dumb
Command bare heads, bowed knees, ſtrike Juſtice
As well as blind and lame, to give a tongue
To ſtones by Epitaphs, to be call'd great Maſter
In the looſe Lines of every Poetaſter;
Could I be more then any man that lives,
Great, wiſe, rich, fair, in all ſuparlatives,
I count one minute of my holy treaſure
Beyond ſo much of all this empty pleaſure;
Welcome pure thoughts, welcom ye careleſs grove
Theſe are my gueſts, this is my courtage love;

The winged people of the sky shall sing
My Anthemes, by my servants, gentle Springs;
A Prayer-book shall be my Looking-glasse,
Wherein I will adore sweet Vertues face;
Here dwels no heatfull loves, no palsie fears,
No short joyes purchast with eternal tears:
Here will I sigh, and sing my hot youths folly,
An learn to affect an holy Melancholy;
And if contentment be a stranger, then
Ile never look for't but in Heaven agen.

An Elegie by Dr. K. occasioned by his owne sicknesse.

WEll did the Prophet ask, *Lord what is man?*
Implying by the question, that none can
But God resolve the doubt, much less define,
What Elements this child of dust combine.
Man is a stranger to himself, and knowes
Nothing so natural, as his own woes;
He loves to travel countries, and confer
The Signes of vast Heavens Diameter;
Delights to sit in *Niles* or *Bætis* lap,
Before he sayleth over his own Map;
By which meanes he returns, his Travels spent,
Less knowing of himself then when he went,
Who knowledge hunts, kept under forreign locks
May bring home wit to hold a Paradox,

Yet

Yet be fools ſtill: Therefore might I adviſe,
I would inform the Soul before the eyes.
Make man into his proper opticks look,
And ſo become the Student, and the Book;
With his conception his firſt leaf begin,
What is he there, but complicated ſin?
When Viper time, and the approaching birth
Ranks him among the creatures of the earth;
His wayling Mother ſends him forth to greet
The World, wrapt in a bloudy winding-ſheet,
As if he came into the world to crave
No place to dwell in, but beſpeak a Grave;
Thus like a red or tempeſt boading morn,
His dawning is, for being newly born,
He hailes the evening tempeſt with ſhriek cryes,
And fines for his admiſſion with wet eyes.
How ſhould that plant whoſe leaf is bath'd in tears,
Bare but a bitter fruit in elder years?
Juſt ſuch is his; and his maturer age,
Teems with the event more ſad then the preſage;
For view him higher then his childhoods ſpan,
Is raiſed up to Youths Miridian,
When he goes proudly laden with the fruit,
Which health, or ſtrength, or beauty contribute;
That as the mounted Canon batters down
The Towers and goodly ſtructures of a Town;
So one ſhort ſickneſs will his force defeat,
And his frail Cittadel to Rubbiſh beat.
How doth a Dropſie melt him to a flood,
Making each vein run water more then blood?

A Collick racks him like a Northern guſt,
And raging Feavers crumble him to duſt.
In which unhappy he is made worſe
By his diſeaſes, then his Makers curſe.
God ſaid, with toils & ſweat he ſhould earn bread,
And without labour not be nouriſhed:
Here (though like ropes of falling dew) his ſweat
Hangs on his labouring brow, he cannot eat:
Thus are his ſins ſcourg'd in oppoſing theames,
And Luxuries revenged in the extreams:
He who in health could never be content
With varieties fetcht from each element,
Is now much more afflicted to delight
His taſtleſs pallet, and loſt appetite:
Beſides, though God ordain'd, that with the light
Man ſhould begin his work, yet he made night
For his repoſe, in which the weary ſenſe,
Repairs it ſelf by reſts ſoft recompence;
But now his watchfull nights and troubled dayes,
Confuſed heaps of fear and fancies raiſe:
His chamber ſeems a looſe and trembling Mine,
His pillow quilted with a Porcupine;
Pain makes his downy Couch, ſharp thorns appear
And every feather pricks him like a ſpear;
Thus when all ſtormes of death about him keep,
He copies death in any form but ſleep;
Poor walking Clay, haſt thou a mind to know,
To what unbleſt beginnings thou doſt owe
Thy wretched ſelf; fall ſick a while, and then
Thou wilt conceive the Pedigree of men;

Learn

Learn ſhalt thou then from thine Anatomy,
That earth thy Mother, worms thy ſiſters be;
That he is a ſhort-liv'd vapour upward wrought,
And by corruption into nothing brought;
A ſtaggering meteor by croſs Planets beat,
Which often reels, and falls before his ſeat;
A Tree that withers faſter then it growes,
A Torch put out by every wind that blowes,
A web of forty weeks, ſpun out in pain,
And in a moment ravel'd out again;
This is the model of frail man, then ſay,
That his duration's only for a day,
And in that day more fits of changes paſs,
Then Attomes run in the turn'd Hower-glaſs,
So that the inceſſant cares which life invade,
Might for ſtrange truth their Hereſies perſwade,
Who did maintain that humane ſouls were ſent,
Into the body for their puniſhment;
At leaſt with that Greek ſage ſtill make us cry,
Not to be born, or being born, to dy.

Of Love and Death.

AS Love and Death once travel'd on the way,
They met together, and together lay
Both in a bed; when Love for all his heat,
Found in the night Death's coldneſs was ſo great,

That all his flames could hardly keep him warm,
Betimes he roſe, and ſpeedily did arm
His naked body, but through too much haſte,
Som of Deaths ſhafts he took, neer his being plac'd
Leaving behind him many of his own,
Which change to him, being blind, is ſtil unknown
Through which miſtaking, and his want of eyes,
A double wrong to Nature did ariſe;
For when Love thinks to inflame a youthful heart
With his own ſhafts, he kils with deaths cold dart;
So Death intending to ſtrike old Age dead,
Shoots one of Love's Darts with a golden head;
And this appears to me the reaſon why,
Old men do fall in love, and young men die.

Waltham Pool.

In praiſe of black Women; by T.R.

IF ſhadows be a Pictures excellence,
And makes the ſhew more glorious to the ſenſe;
If Stars in the bright day be hid from ſight,
And ſhine more glorious in Maſque of night,
Why ſhould you think rare creaturs that you lack
Perfections, cauſe your hair and eyes be black;
Or that your Beauty, which ſo far exceeds,
The new ſprung Lillies in their Maidenheads,
The cherry colour of your cheeks and lips,
Should by that darknes ſuffer an eclips;

Nay,

Nay, 'tis not fit that Nature ſhould have made
So bright a Sun to ſhine without ſome ſhade;
It ſeems that Nature when ſhe firſt did fancy
Your rare Compoſure, ſtudied Negromancy,
And when to you thoſe things ſhe did impart,
She uſed altogether the Black Art;
She drew the Magick Circle in your eyes,
And made your hair the chains wherein ſhe ties
Rebellious hearts: thoſe blew veins which appear
Turn'd in *Meanders* like to either Sphear,
Miſterious figures are; and when you lift,
Your voyce commandeth like an Exorciſt;
O! if in Magick you have power ſo far,
Vouchſafe me to be your Familiar.
Nor hath kind Nature her black Art reveal'd
On outward parts above, ſome lie conceal'd,
As by the Spring head men oft times may know
The nature of the ſtreames that run below,
So your black hair and eyes do give direction,
To make me think the reſt of like complection,
The reſt where all reſt lies that bleſſeth man,
That Indian Mine, that Streight of *Magellan*,
That world-dividing gulf, which who ſo venters
With ſwelling ſayles and raviſht ſenſes, enters
Into a world of bliſs, pardon I pray,
If my rude Muſe preſumes for to diſplay
Secrets unknown, or hath her bounds ore-paſt,
In prayſing ſweetneſs which ſhe ne'r ſhall taſt;
Starv'd men know there is food, & blind men may
Though hid from them, yet know there is a day.

A Rover in the mark his Arrow ſticks
Sometimes as well as he that ſhoots at pricks;
But if I might direct my ſhaft aright,
The black mark would I hit, and not the white.

Loves Elizium.

I Will enjoy thee now, my *Cælia*, come,
And flye with me to *Loves Elizium*,
The Giant Honor that keeps Cowards out,
Is but a Masker, and the ſervile Rout
Of baſer ſubjects, onely bend in vain,
To the vaſt Idoll, whilſt the Nobler ſtrain
Of valiant Lovers daily ſayle between
Thy huge Coloſſus legs, and paſs unſeen
Unto the bliſsful ſhore, be bold and wiſe,
And we ſhall enter; the grim *Switz* denies
Only tame fools a paſſage, who not know
He is but form, and only frights in ſhow;
The duller eyes which look from far draw neer,
And thou ſhalt ſcorn what we were wont to fear;
We ſhall ſee how the ſtalking Pageant goes
With borrowed legs, a heavy load to thoſe
That made and bear him, not ere we our thought,
The ſeed of gods, but a weak model wrought
By greedy men, that ſeek to incloſe the Common,
And within private arms impale free woman;

Come then, and mounted on the wings of Love,
Wee'l cut the fleeting ayre, and ſoar above
The Monſters head, and in the Nobleſt ſeat
Of thoſe bleſt ſhades, quench and renew our heat:
There ſhall the Ce'een of Love and innocenſe,
Beauty and Nature baniſh all offence
From our cloſe twines, there I'le behold
Thy bared ſnow, and thy unbreaded Gold,
There my unfranchis'd hand on every ſide,
Shall o're thy naked poliſht body ſlide,
No curtaln there (though) of tranſparent Lawn,
Before thy Virgin treaſure ſhall be drawn,
But the rich Mine to the inquiring eye
Expos'd, ſhall ready ſtill for Mintage lye,
And we will coyn young *Cupids*, there a-bed
Of Roſes and freſh Mirtils ſhall be ſpread,
Under the cooling ſhady Cypres Groves,
Our pillow of the Down of *Venus* Doves,
Whereon our panting limbs we'l gently lay,
In the faint reſpit of our active play,
That ſo our ſlumbers may in dreams have leiſure,
To tell the nimble fancy of paſt pleaſure,
And ſo our ſouls that cannot be imbraſte,
Shall the embraces of our bodies taſte;
Mean time the bubling ſtream ſhal court the ſhore,
The enamour'd cherping wood-quire ſhall adore,
In varied tunes the Deity of Love,
Gentle blaſts of Weſtern winds ſhal move (breath
The trembling leavs,& through their cloſe bowes,
Still Muſick, whilſt we reſtore our ſelves beneath,

Thei

Their dancing shades, till a soft murmur sent
From soules entranc't in amorous languishment,
Rouse us, and shoot into our souls new fire,
Till we in their sweet extasie expire;
Then as the empty Bee, that late[illegible] bore,
Into the common treasure all her store,
Flyes 'bout the painted fields with nimble wings,
Deflowring the fresh Virgins of the Springs;
So will I rifle all the sweets that dwell
In thy delicious Paradice, and swell
In ruggs of Honey, drawn forth by the power
Of fervent kisses, from each spicie Bower;
Ile seize the Rose-buds in the perfum'd bed,
The Violet knots like curious Mazes spread,
Through al the Gardens tast the ripened Cherries
The warm firm Apples tipt with crimson berries,
Then will I visit with a wandring kiss,
The Vail of Lillies, and the bower of bliss,
And where the beautious Region doth divide,
Into two milkey wayes my lips shall slide
Down those smooth Allies, wearing as I go,
A Track for Lovers in the printed snow;
Then climbing o're the swelling Appenine,
Retire into the Grove of Egliantine,
Where I will all those ravish'd sweets distill, (skil,
Through Loves moyst Limbeck, & with Chymick
From the mixt mass of our soveraign Balm derive
And bring the great *Elixar* to the Hive;
Now in more subtler Wreathes I will intwine
My sinewy thighes, my legs and arms with thine,

Thou

Thou like a ſea of Milk ſhall lye diſplay'd,
Whilſt I the ſmooth calm Ocean do invade
With ſuch a tempeſt, as when *Jove* of old,
Set down with *Danæ* in a ſhower of Gold;
Yet my tall Pine ſhall in thy Cyprian ſtrait,
Ride ſafe at Anchor, and unlade his fraight,
My Rudder with thy bold hand, like a tri'd
And skilful Pylot, thou ſhalt ſteer, and guide
My Bark into Loves channel, where it ſhall
Dance, as the bounding waves do riſe and fall,
Then ſhall thy twining arms embrace and clip
My naked body, and thy balmed lip
Bathe me in juice of kiſſes, whoſe perfume,
Like a Religious Incenſe ſhall conſume,
And ſend up holy vapours to thoſe powers,
That bleſs our Loves, & crown our happy howrs,
That with ſuch *Halcian* joyes do fix our ſouls,
In ſtedfaſt peace, that no annoy controuls;
There no rude ſounds frights us with ſuddē ſtarts,
No jealous ecchoes there ſhall gripe our hearts,
Suck our diſcourſe in, nor are we betray'd
To Rivals, by the bribed Chamber-maid;
No Wedlocks bond untwiſt our unreacht loves,
We ſeek no midnight Arbours, no dark groves,
To hide our kiſſes; There the hated name
Of husband, wife, luſt, modeſt, chaſte, or ſhame,
Are vain and empty words, whoſe very ſound,
Was never heard in the *Elizian* ground;
All things are lawful there that may delight
Nature, or unreſtrained Appetite,

Like

Like, and enjoy, to will, and not his own,
We onely ſin when Loves Rights are undone;
The Romane *Lucrece* there heard the divine
Lectures of Love, Great Maſter *Aratine*,
And knows as well as *Laïs* how to move,
Her pliant body in the act of Love,
To quench the burning Raviſher, ſhe hurls
Her limbs into a thouſand winding curls,
And ſtudies artful policies, ſuch as be
Carv'd on the bark of every neighbouring tree,
By learned hands, that ſo adorn the rine
Of thoſe fair plants, which as they lye in twine,
Have flam'd their glowing fires, the *Grecian* Dame,
That in her endleſs well ſought for a name,
As fruitleſs as her work, doth now diſplay,
Her ſelf before the Youth of *Ithaca*,
And the amorous Games of ſportful nights prefer
Before dull dreams of the loſt traveller;
Daphne hath broke her bark, and that ſwift foot,
Which the angry God had faſtned to the root,
To the fixt earth, doth now unfetter'd run,
To meet the imbraces of the youthful Sun,
She hangs upon him like the Delphick Lyre,
Her kiſſes blow the old, and breath new fire;
Full of her God, ſhe ſings inſpired Layes,
Soft Odes of Love, ſuch as deſerve the Bayes,
Which ſhe her ſelf was next her Lawrellies,
In *Petrarchs* learned arms, drying thoſe eyes,
Which did in ſuch ſmooth ſweet numbers flow,
Which made the world enamour'd of his wo;

Theſe, and ten thouſand beauties more that died
Slaves to the Tyrant; now enlarg'd deride
His canſell'd Lawes, and for their time miſpent,
Paying to *Love*'s Exchequer double rent:
Come then my *Cælia*, wee'l no more forbeare
To taſte our Joyes ſtruck with a pannick feare,
But will depoſe from his terreſtriall ſway,
This proud uſurper, and walke free as they
With necks unyoak'd; Nor is it juſt that he
Should fetter your ſoft ſex with Chaſtitie,
Whom nature made unapt for abſtinence,
When yet the falſe impoſture can diſpence
With humane Juſtice, and with ſacred right,
And maugre both their laws command me fight
With rivalls, or with emmulous Loves, that dare
Equall with thine, his Miſtris eyes or haire:
If thou complaine of wrong, and call my ſword
To carve but thy revenge; upon that word,
He bids me fight, and kill, or elſe he brands
With mark of infamy my coward hands:
And yet Religion bids from blood-ſhed fly,
And damns me for the act; then tell me why
This Goblin Honor, the World ſo adores,
Should make men Athieſts, & not women whores.

To a Wench desiring Money.

AS fair as she that made two husbands jar,
Raising 'twixt *Troy* & *Greece* a ten years war
As white as feather'd *Læda*, great *Joves* rape,
She that was chang'd into a Swan-like shape:
As red as is the Emony, even so bright
Wer't thou my Love, that which the Poets write
Of metamorphos'd *Jove*, how oft love changd him,
And from his own celestial shape estrang'd him
Into an Eagle, or Bull, I fear lest he,
Should fro high Heaven likewise descend on thee.
I am not jealous now, my thoughts are vanisht,
And the hot ardor of affection banisht;
My fire is cool'd, reason assumes the place,
And now methinks thou hast not thine own face;
Dost thou demand why I am chang'd, behold,
The cause, Ile tell thee, thou dost ask me gold,
Thou look'st that for my pleasure I should pay,
And that alone still frighteth me away;
Whilst thou wert simple, and in all things kind,
I with thy sweet content did like thy mind,
Now thou art cuning grown, what has that gaind?
Thy bodies beauty by thy mind is stain'd:
Look on the beasts that in the Medows play,
Shall women bear more savage minds then they?

What

What gifts do Kine from the rude Bull enforce?
What rate demands the Mare frō the proud horſe?
Or from the Ram the Ewe? they couple twice,
Ere once they do debate upon a price;
Women have learn'd alone to bargain well,
Their pleaſures born with them alone they ſell,
Alone they prize the night, and at a rate
Chaffer themſelvs with ſtrangers; O vild ſtate!
Alone for mutuall paſtime, coyn they crave,
And e'r they ſport, ask firſt, What ſhall I have?
That which delighteth both, to which both run,
And (but by joint aſſiſtance) is not done,
The pleaſures which on even terms we try,
Why ſhould one party ſell, the other buy?
Why ſhould the ſweets which we alike ſuſtain,
To me be double loſs, thee double gain?
That which comes freely, much by that we ſet,
Thou giv'ſt it me, and I am ſtill in debt;
Love that is hir'd, is plainly ſold and bought,
Thou haſt thy price, and then I owe thee nought:
Then O ye fair ones, all ſuch thoughts expell,
What Nature freely gives you, ſpare to ſell;
Let not your bodies to baſe luſt be lent,
Goods lewdly got, are ever looſly ſpent.

A Sonnet

A Sonnet.

WHy do we love theſe things which we call women,
Which are like feathers, blown in every wind?
Regarding leaſt thoſe men do moſt eſteem them;
And moſt deceitfull when they ſeem moſt kind,
And all their Vertue, that their beautie graces,
It is but painted, like unto their faces.

Their greateſt glory is in rich attire,
Which is extracted from ſome hopefull heires,
Whoſe witts and wealth are lent to their deſire,
When they regard the gifts, more then the givers:
And to increaſe their hopes of future bliſs,
They'l ſometimes rack their Conſcience for a kiſſe.

Some love the windes, that bring in golden ſhowers,
And ſome are meerly won with commendations,
Some love and hate, and all within two houres,
And that's a fault amongſt them moſt in faſhion,
But put them all within a ſcale together,
Their worth in weight will ſcarce pull down a feather.

And yet I would not diſcommend them all,
If I did know ſome worth to be in any,
'Tis ſtrange, that ſince the time of Adams fall,
That God did make none good, yet made ſo many:
And if he did, for theſe I truly mourne,
Becauſe they dy'de before that I was borne.

A Health.

TO her whoſe Beautie doth excell
Story, we toſs theſe cups, and ſell
Sobrietie a Sacrifice
To the bright Luſtre of her eyes;
Each ſoul that ſips here is devine,
Her Beauty Deifies the Wine.

Upon his Miſtris cut finger.

SWeet-heart, to ſee thy blood fall down,
What Mortall can forbear?
But as thou dropſt thy blood o'th groun',
So he muſt drop a tear:
Good counſel to ſuch wounded Maids,
God *Cupid* thus alledges,
Hereafter uſe ſuch harmleſs toos,
that have no cutting edges.

You force the ground you ſtand on bluſh,
But bluſhing we permit,
Our cheeks could wear a Scarlet Pluſh,
ſaw we as much as it:

Hereafter love thoſe better parts,
Nay beſt of all indeed,
Which though they take a thouſand wounds,
yet ſcorn they e're to bleed.

The Rubies ſoft in Diamond,
Are glorious for to ſee,
But if congeal'd what rareſt Jems,
Thoſe Ruby drops would be:
This wiſh I to my Miſtris bring.
And that is all I bring her,
Would I had fingred her fine Cut,
When ſhe cut her fine finger.

LOVE'S Hue and Cry.

IN *Love's* Name you are charg'd hereby,
To make a ſpeedy Hue and Cry
After a face which th'other day,
Came and ſtole my heart away;
For your proceeding, theſe in brief,
Are ſome few marks to know the Thief;
Her hair was gold, a field of ſnow,
Smooth and unfurrowed was her brow,
A ſparkling eye, ſo pure and gray,
As when it ſmiles, there needs noday;
Ivory dwelleth on her noſe,
Lilly married to the Roſe,

Have

Have made her cheek their Nuptial bed,
Lips dyed a Vermilian red
Make Crimſon bluſh, beſide the reſt,
You ſhall know this Fellon beſt
By the tongue, for if your ear,
Do once a heavenly Muſick hear;
Such as neither gods nor men,
But from that mouth ſhall hear agen,
That; that is ſhe, O take her to ye,
None can rock Heaven aſleep but ſhe;
I hear have apprehended one,
Confederate in the action,
And that's my eye, which did let in,
The cunning thief to do the ſin,
At his window, but for her,
My eye ſhall be a priſoner,
Till it the firſt offender ſee,
That lur'd it to the Felonie;
Your diligence herein I crave,
That I again my heart may have;
O take Loves wings, flye, ſearch, or I
Shall have no heart to live, but die.

Loves Progreſs by Dr. Don.

WHo ever lov'd, if he do not propoſe
The right end, love, he is as one that goes
To Sea for nothing but to make him ſick,
And loves a Bear-whelp born, if we o're-lick
Our love, and force it ſtrange new ſhapes to take,
We erre, and of a lump a Monſter make.
Were not a Calf a monſter if't were grown,
Fac'd like a man, though better then his own;
Perfection is in unity, prefer
One woman firſt, and then one thing in her:
Or when I value gold, I think upon
The ductilneſs, the application,
The whole ſummes, the ingenuity,
From ruſt, from ſoyl, from fire ever free;
But if I love, it is becauſe 'tis made
By our new Natures uſe, the ſoul of Trade;
All this in women we might think upon,
If women have them, and yet love but one:
Can men more injure women then to ſay, (they
They love them for that by which they are not
Make Vertue woman, muſt I cool my blood,
Till I both be and find one wiſe and good?
May barren Angels love ſo, but if we
Make love to woman, vertue is not ſhe,

As

As beauty is not, he then that ſtrayes thus,
From her to hers, is more adulterous
Then he that takes her maid, ſearch every ſphear,
And Firmament, our *Cupid* is not there,
He's an infernal god, and under ground
With *Pluto* dwels, where gold and fire abound,
Men to ſuch gods their ſacrificing coales
Did not on Altars lay, but pits and holes;
Although we ſee celeſtial bodies move
Above the earth, the earth we till and love;
So we his heirs contemplate, wounds and heart,
And vertues, but we love the rendring part;
Nor is the ſoul more ſwarthy, nor more fit
For love then this, as infinite as it,
But in attaining this deſired place,
How much they ſtray that ſet out at the face,
The hair a foreſt is of Ambuſhes,
Of ſprings, ſnares, fetters, and of manicles:
The brow becalmes us when 'tis ſmooth & plain
And when it wrinckles, ſhipwracks us again,
Smooth, 'tis a Paradiſe, where we would have
Immortall ſtay, and wrinckled 'tis our grave.
The noſe like to the firſt Meridian runs,
Not 'twixt the Eaſt & Weſt, but 'twixt two Suns:
Her ſwelling lips, to which when we are come,
We Anchor there, and think we are at home,
For they ſeem all the Syrens ſongs, and there
The Delphian Oracles do fill the eare:
Then in a creek where choſen pearls do ſwell,
The *Remora* her charming tongue doth dwell;

These and the glorious promontory her chin
O're-past, and the straight Hellespont between
The *Cestos* and *Abidos* of her breasts,
Not of two Lovers, but two loves the nests,
Succeeds a boundless Sea, but that thine eye
Some Iland Moles may scatter'd there discry,
And sayling towards her India, in the way,
Shall at her fair Atlantick navel stay;
Though thence the current be thy Pilot made,
Yet ere thou come where thou wouldst be in-laid
Thou shalt upon another Forrest set,
Where some do shipwrack and no further get,
When thou art there, consider in this Chase,
What time they lose that set out at the face;
Rather set out below, practise my Art,
Some symitry the foot hath with that part,
Which thou dost seek, and is a Map for that,
Lovely enough to stop, but not stay at;
Least subject to disguise and change it is,
Men say the Devil never can change his;
It is the Embleme that hath figured
Firmness, 'tis the first part that comes to bed;
Civility we see refin'd the kiss,
Which at the foot began, transplanted is
Since to the hand, then to the imperial knee,
Now at the Papal foot delights to be;
If Kings think it the nearest way, and do
Rise from the foot, Lovers may do so too,
And as free Sphears move faster far then can
Birds whom the ayre resists, so may that man

Which goes this empty and ætherial way,
Then if at beauties Elements he ſtay:
Rich Nature hath in women wiſely made
Two purſes, and their *mouthes* averſly laid,
They then that to the lower tribute owe,
That way which that Exchequer looks muſt goe,
He which doth not, his errour is as great,
As who by Clyſters gives the ſtomack meat.

On Black eyes by J. D.

NO marvel if the Suns bright eye,
Showr down hot flames, that quality
Still waits on light, but when I ſee
The ſparkling Balls of Ebonie,
Diſtill ſuch heat, the gazer ſtraight
Stands ſo amazed at the ſight,
As when the Lightning makes a breach
Through pitchy clouds; can Lightning reach
The Marrow, and not hurt the skin?
Your eyes the ſame to me have been:
Can Jet invite the loving ſtraw
With ſecret fire? ſo can they draw,
And can when ere they glance a Dart,
Make ſtubble of the ſtrongeſt heart:
Oft when I look, I may deſcry
A little face peep through thine eye;

Sure that's the boy, that wisely chose,
His rayes amongst such rayes as those,
Which (if his Quiver chance to fail)
May serve for Darts to kill withall;
If at so strong a charge I yield,
If wounded so, I quit the Field;
Think me not Coward, when I lye,
Thus prostrate with your charming eye;
Did I but say your eye, I swear
Death's in your Beauty every where,
Your eye might spare it self, my own,
(When all your parts are truly known)
From any one may filch a Dart,
To wound my self, and then my heart,
One with a thousand Arrowes fill'd,
Cannot say this or that this kill'd,
No more can I, yet sure I am,
That you are she that wrought the same,
Wound me again, yea more and more,
So you again will me restore.

The Spring.

NOw that the winters gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost,
Candies the grass, or casts an icie cream,
Upon the silver Lake or Chrystal stream,

But

But the warm Sun thawes the benummed earth,
And makes it tender, gives a ſecond birth
To the dead Swallow, wakes in hollow Tree
The drowzie Cuckow, and the Humble Bee;
Now do a Quire of chirping Minſtrels ſing
In triumph to the world, the youthful Spring,
The valleys, hills, and woods in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the long'd for *May*;
Now all things ſmile, only my Love doth lower,
Nor hath the ſcalding noon-day-ſun the power,
To melt the Marble yet, which ſtill doth hold
Her heart congealed, and makes her pity cold;
The Oxe which lately did for ſhelter flye
Into the ſtall, doth now ſecurely lye
In open field, and Love no more is made
By the fire ſide, but in the cooler ſhade;
Amintas now doth by his *Cloris* ſleep,
Under a Sycamore, and all things keep
Time with the ſeaſon, onely ſhe doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart *January*.

His Miſtris commanding the return of Letters.

SO grieves the adventerous Merchant when he
(throwes,
All the long-toil'd-for treaſure, his ſhip ſtowes
Into the angry Mayn, to ſave from wrack
Himſelf and men, as I grieve to give back
These

Theſe Letters, yet ſo pow'rful is your ſway,
As if you bid me die, I muſt obey;
Go then bleſt Papers, you ſhall kiſs thoſe hands,
That gave you freedom, but held me in bands,
Which with a touch did give you life, but I
Becauſe I may not touch thoſe hands, muſt die;
Methinks as if they knew they ſhould be ſent
Home, to their native ſoyl, from baniſhment;
I ſee them ſmile, like dying Saints that know,
They are to leave the earth & towards he'ven go,
When you return, pray tell your ſoyeraign,
And mine, I gave you courteous entertain,
Each line receiv'd a tear, and then a kiſs,
Firſt bath'd in that, it ſcap'd unſcorcht in this,
I kiſt it 'cauſe your fair hand had been there,
Becauſe it was not, then I ſhed a tear;
Tell her, no length of time, nor change of aire,
No cruelty, diſdain, abſence, diſpaire,
No, nor her ſtedfaſt conſtancy can deterre,
My vaſſal heart from ever honouring her;
Though theſe be pow'rful arguments to prove
I love in vain, yet I muſt ever love;
Say if ſhe frown when you that word rehearſe,
(Service) in Proſe is oft call'd Love in Verſe;
Then pray her ſince I ſend back on my part
Her Papers, ſhe would ſend me back my heart,
If ſhe refuſe, warn her to come before
The God of Love, whom thus I will implore,
Travling in thy Countries rode, great god, I ſpi'd
By chance this Lady, and walkt by her ſide,

From

From place to place, f aring no violence,
For I was well arm'd, and had made defence
In former fights, 'gainſt fiercer foes then ſhe,
Did at our firſt encounter ſeem to be,
But going further, every ſtep reveal'd
Some hidden weapon, till that time conceal'd,
Seeing thoſe outward armes, I did begin,
To fear ſome greater ſtrength was lodg'd within,
Looking into her mind, I might ſurvey
An hoſt of beauties that in Ambuſh lay,
And won the day before they fought the field,
For I unable to reſiſt, did yield;
But the inſulting Tyrant foe deſtroyes,
My conquer d mind, my eaſe, my peace, my joyes,
Breaks my ſweet ſleeps, invades my harmleſs reſt,
Robs me of all the treaſure of my breaſt,
Spares not my heart, nor yet (a greater wrong)
For having ſtoln my heart, ſhe binds my tongue;
But at the laſt her melting eyes unſeal'd
My lips, enlarg'd my tongue, then I reveal'd
To her own ears the ſtory of my harmes,
Wrought by her vertues and her Beauties charms;
Now hear juſt Judge an act of ſavageneſs,
When I complain in hope to have redreſs,
She bends her angry brow, and from her eye,
Shoots thouſand darts, I then well hope't to dye,
But in ſuch ſoveraign Balm Love dips his ſhot,
That though they wound a heart, they kill it not;
She ſaw the blood guſh forth frō many a wound,
Yet fled and left me bleeding on the ground,

Nor

Nor ſought my cure, nor ſaw me ſince, 'tis true,
Abſence and time two cunning Leaches drew
The fleſh together, yet ſure though the skin
Be clos'd without, the wound feſters within;
Thus hath this cruel Lady us'd a true
Servant and ſubject to her ſelf and you;
Nor know I, great love, if my life be lent,
To ſhew thy mercy or my puniſhment,
Since by the onely Magick of thine Art,
A Lover ſtill may live that wants an heart;
If this enditement fright her ſo as ſhe,
Seem willing to return my heart to me,
But cannot find it, for perhaps it may,
'Mongſt other trifling hearts be out oth' way;
If ſhe repent, and will make me amends,
Bid her but ſend me hers, and we are friends.

To his coy Miſtris.

THink not, 'cauſe men flattering ſay,
You'r fair as *Hellen*, freſh as *May*,
Bright as is the morning Star,
That you are ſo, though you are,
Be not therefore proud, or deem
All men unworthy your eſteem,
For being ſo you loſe the pleaſure
Of being fair, for that rich treaſure,

Of

Of more beauty and ſweet feature,
Was beſtow'd on you by Nature
To be enjoy'd, and twere a ſin,
There to be ſcarce where ſhe hath bin,
So prodigal of her beſt graces;
Thus common beauties and mean faces,
Shall have more paſtime and enjoy
The ſport you loſe by being coy;
Did the thing for which I ſue,
Only concern my ſelf, not you?
Were men ſo framed as they alone
Reap'd all the pleaſure, women none,
Then had you reaſon to be ſcant,
But 'twere a madneſs not to grant,
That which affords, if you conſent,
To you the giver more content
Then me the begger, O then be
Kind to your ſelf, if not to me;
Starve not your ſelf, becauſe you may
Thereby make me to pine away,
Nor let fading beauty make,
You your wiſer thoughts forſake,
For that lovely face will fail,
Beauty's ſweet, but beauty's frail,
'Tis ſooner paſt, 'tis ſooner done,
Then Summers rain, or winters Sun,
Moſt fleeting, when it is moſt dear,
Tis gone while we ſay (but) 'tis here;
Thoſe curious locks ſo aptly twin'd,
Whoſe every hair a ſoul doth bind,

Will change their Aburn hue, and grow,
White and cold as Winters ſnow;
That eye which now is *Cupids* neſt,
Will prove his grave, and all the reſt
Will follow, in the cheek, chin, noſe,
Nor Lilly ſhall be found, nor Roſe,
And what will then become of all,
Thoſe whom you now your ſervants call,
Like Swallows when the Summer's done,
They'l flye and ſeek ſome warmer Sun,
Then wiſely chuſe one for your friend,
Whoſe love may (when your beauties end)
Remain ſtill firm, be provident,
And think before the Summer's ſpent,
Of following Winter, like the Ant,
In plenty horod for time of ſcant,
Cull out amongſt the multitude
Of Lovers that ſeek to intrude
Into your favour, one that may,
Love for an age, not for a day,
One that will quench your youthful fires,
And feed in age your hot deſires,
For when the ſtorms of time have moved
Waves on that cheek which was beloved;
When a fair Ladies face is pin'de,
And yellow ſpread where red once ſhin'de
When beauty, youth, and all ſweets leave her,
Love may return, but Lover never;
And old folks ſay there is no paines,
Like itch of Love in aged veins;

O love me then, and now begin it,
Let's not loſe this preſent minute,
For time and age will work that wrack,
Which time or age ſhall ne'r call back;
The Snake each year freſh skin reſumes,
And Eagles change their aged plumes;
The faded Roſe each Spring receives,
A freſh red tincture on her leaves;
But if your beauty once decay,
You'l never know a ſecond *May*;
O then be wiſe, and whilſt your ſeaſon,
Affords you dayes for ſport, do reaſon,
Spend not in vain your lives ſhort hour,
But crop in time your Beauties flowre,
Which will away, and doth together,
Both bud, and fade, and blow, and wither.

On age, or an old Face.

NO Spring or Summer beauty hath ſuch grace
As I have ſeen in an Autumnall Face;
Young beauties force your love, and to a rape,
This doth but councel, yet you cannot ſcape;
If't were a ſhame to love, here 'twere no ſhame,
Affection here takes reverences name;
Were her firſt years the golden Age, that true,
But now ſhe's gold oft tri'd and ever new;

That

That was her fore-*Ides* and inflaming time,
This is her habitable tropick clime; (thence,
Fair eyes, who asks more heat then comes from
He in a Feaver wiſhes Peſtilence;
Then call not wrinckles graves, if graves they are,
They are Loves graves, or elſe he lies no where,
Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth ſit,
Vow'd to this trench like as an Anchorite,
And here till hers which muſt be his death come,
He doth not dig a Grave, but build a Tombe;
Here dwels he, though he ſojourn every where
In brief, yet ſtill his ſtanding houſe is here;
Here where ſtill evening is, not noon, or night,
Where no voluptuouſneſs, yet all delight
In all her words; unto all hearers fit,
You may at Revels, you at Councel ſit;
This is Loves Timber, youth her under-wood,
Wine fires in *May*, in *Auguſt* comforts blood,
Which then comes ſeaſonableſt, when your taſte
And appetite to other things are paſt;
Xerxes ſtrange *Lydian* love, the *Platane* Tree
Was lov'd for age, none being ſo old as ſhe,
Or elſe becauſe being young, Nature did bleſs
Her Youth with Ages glory barrenneſs;
If we love things long ſought, Age is a thing,
Which we are fifty years in compaſſing;
If tranſitory things (which ſoon decay)
Age muſt be lovelieſt at the lateſt day,
But name not Winter faces, whoſe skin ſlack,
Lanck, like an unthrifts purſe, or a ſouls ſack,

Whoſe

Whoſe eyes ſeek light within, for all here's ſhade,
Whoſe mouths are holes, rather worn out then
Whos ev'ry tooth t'his ſeveral place is gon, (made
To vex their ſouls at the Reſurrection;
Name not thoſe living Deaths-Heads unto me,
ſuch I abhor;
I hate extreams, yet I had rather ſtay
With Tombs then Cradles, to wear out a day;
Since ſuch Loves natural action is, may ſtill
My love deſcend, not journey up the hill,
Not panting after growing beauties, ſo
I ſhall be one of thoſe that homewards go.

A Maids Denyall.

NAy piſh, nay pew, nay faith, and will you, fie,
A Gentleman and uſe me thus, yfaith Ile cry,
Gods body what means this? nay fie for ſhame,
Nay faith away, nay fy away, introth you are to
Hark, ſombody comes, leave off I pray, (blame,
Ile pinch, Ile ſcratch, Ile ſpurn, Ile go away;
Infaith you ſtrive in vain, you ſhall not ſpeed,
You mar my ruff, you hurt my back, my noſe will
Look, look, the door is open, ſombody ſees (bleed
What will they ſay, nay fie you hurt my knees;
Your buttons ſcratch (O God) what a coil is here
You make me ſweat, infaith here's goodly geere,

Nay faith let me intreat you if you liſt; (wiſt
You mar my head, you tear my ſmock, but had I
So much before, I would have kept you out,
Is't not a pretty thing you went about;
I did not think you would have ſerv'd me thus,
But now I ſee I took my mark amiſs;
A little thing would make me not be friends,
You have us'd me well I hope you'l make amends
Hold ſtill, I'le wipe your face, you ſwet amain,
You have got a goodly thing with all your pain;
O God how hot am, what will you drink?
If you go ſwetting down what will they think;
Remember this how you have us'd me now,
Doubt not ere long but I will meet with you;
If any man but you had us'd me ſo,
Would I have put it up, in faith Sir no;
Nay go not yet, ſtay here and ſup with me,
After at Cards we better will agree.

A Bluſh.

STay luſty blood, where canſt thou ſeek,
So bleſt a place as in her cheek;
How canſt thou from that place retire,
Where beauty doth command deſire;
But if thou canſt not ſtay, then flow
Down to her panting paps below;

Flow like a Deluge from her breaſt,
Where *Venus* Swans hath built her neſt,
And ſo take glory to diſdaine,
With azure blew each ſwelling vaine,
Then run boyling through each part,
Till thou haſt warm'd her frozen heart;
If from love it would retire,
Martyr it with gentle Fire;
And having ſearcht each ſecret place,
Fly thou back into her face,
Where live bleſt in changing thoſe
White Lillies to a Ruddy Roſe.

To one that was like his Miſtris.

FAir Copy of my *Celia's* Face,
Twin of my ſoul, thy perfect grace,
Claims in my ſoul an equal place.

Diſdain not a divided heart,
Though all be hers you ſhall have part,
Love is not ty'd to Rules of Art:

For as my ſoule firſt to her flew,
Yet ſtaid with me, ſo now 'tis true,
It dwels with her, though fled to you.

Then entertain this wandring guest,
And if not love, allow it rest;
It left not, but mistook the nest.

Nor think my love, or your fair eyes
Cheaper, 'cause from th' Sympathise
You hold with her the flames that rise.

To Lead, or Brass, or some such bad
Mettle, a Princes stamp may add
The value that it never had.

But to the pure refined Ore,
The stamp of Kings imparts no more
Worth, then it had before.

Onely the Image gives the rate,
To Subjects of a Forreign State,
'Tis priz'd as much for its own waight.

So though all other hearts resign
To your pure worth, yet you have mine,
Onely because you are her Coyne.

On a Fly that flew into Celia's *Eye.*

WHen this Fly liv'd, she us'd to play,
In the Sun-shine all the day;
Till comming my in *Cælia's* sight,
She found a new and nnknown light,

S

So full of Glory, as it made
The noon-day Sun a gloomy ſhade:
Then this amorous Fly became
My Rivall, and did court this Flame;
She did from hand to boſome skip,
And from her breath, her cheek and lip,
Suckt all the Incenſe and the Spice,
And grew a Bird of Paradice.
At laſt into her eye ſhe flew,
There ſcorcht in Flames, and drown'd in Dew;
Like *Phaeton* from the Suns bright Sphere
She fell, and from her dropt a teare;
Of which a Pearl was ſtraight compos'd,
Wherein her Aſhes lye inclos'd:
Thus ſhe receives from *Celia's* eye,
Funeral, Flame, Tomb, Obſequye.

On the Snow falling on his Miſtris breaſt.

I Saw fair *Cloris* walk alone,
When feather'd Rain came ſoftly down;
And *Jove* deſcended from his Tower,
To court her in a Silver ſhower:
The wanton Snow flew to her breaſt,
Like little Birds unto their Neſt;
But overcome with whiteneſs there,
For grief it thaw'd into a teare:
Thence falling to her veſtures hemme,
To deck her froze into a Iemme.

On the drawing his Miſtris Picture.

SItting, and ready to be drawn,
What mean theſe Velvets, ſilk, & Lawn,
Embroideries, Feathers, Fringes, Lace?
When every limb takes like a face;
Send theſe ſuſpected helps to ayde,
Some form defective, or decay'd;
Thy beauty without falſhood faire,
Needs nought to cloath it but the aire;
Yet ſomething for the Painters qew,
Were fitly enterpos'd for new;
He ſhall if he can underſtand,
Work mine own fancy with his hand,
Draw firſt a cloud all ſave her neck,
And out of that make day to break,
Till like her face it doth appear,
That men might think all light roſe there
Then let the beams thereof diſperſe
The cloud and ſhow the univerſe;
But at ſuch diſtance that the eye,
May rather (yet) adore then ſpy;
The heav'n defin d, draw then a Spring,
With all their youth and it can bring,
Four Rivers branching (out) like Seas,
And Paradiſe confining theſe:

Laſt

Laſt draw the circle of this Globe,
And let there be a ſtarry Robe
Of Conſtellations 'bout it hurl'd,
And thou haſt painted beautise world;
But Painter ſee thou doſt not ſell
A Copy of this Piece, nor tell
Whoſe 'tis, but if it favour finde,
Next ſitting we will draw her minde.

A Paſtorall, by T. R.

BEhold theſe Woods, and mark my *Sweet*,
How all the boughes together meet!
The *Cedar* his fair armes diſplayes,
And mixes branches with the *Bayes*.
The lofty *Pine* deigns to deſcend,
And ſturdy *Oaks* do gently bend;
One with another ſubt'ly weaves
Into one Loom their various leaves,
As all ambitious were to be
Mine and my *Phillis* Canopie!
Let's enter, and diſcourſe our Loves;
Theſe are my dear, no tell-tale Groves!
There dwels no Pyes, nor Parots there,
To prate again the words they hear:
Nor babbling Eccho, that will tell
The neighbouring hills one ſyllable.

Being enter'd, let's together lye,
Twin'd like the Zodiacks *Gemini!*
How ſoon the Flowers ſweeter ſmell?
And all with emulation ſwell
To be thy pillow? Theſe for thee
Were meant a bed, and thou for me;
And I may with as juſt eſteem
Preſs thee, as thou mayſt lye on them.
And why ſo coy? what doſt thou feare?
There lurks no ſpeckled Serpent here:
No venemous Snake makes this his road,
No Canker, nor the loathſome Toad:
And yon poor Spider on the Tree,
Thy Spinſter will, no poiſoner be:
There is no Frog to leap, and fright
Thee from my arms, and break delight:
Nor Snail that o're thy coat ſhall trace,
And leave behind a ſlimy Lace:
This is the hallowed Shrine of Love,
No Waſp nor Hornet haunts this Grove;
Nor Piſmire to make pimples riſe,
Upon thy ſmooth and Ivory thighes:
No danger in theſe ſhades doth lye,
Nothing that wears a ſting, but I;
And in it doth no venome dwell,
Although perchance it make thee ſwell.
Being ſet, let's ſport a while my Fair,
I will tye Love-knots in thy hair:
See *Zephirus* through the leaves doth ſtray,
And has free liberty to play;

And braid thy locks: And ſhall I finde
Leſs favour then a ſaweie winde?
Now let me ſit, and fix my eyes,
On thee that art my Paradiſe:
Thou art my all, the Spring remains,
In the fair Violets in thy veyns:
And that it is a Summers day,
Ripe Cherries in thy lips diſplay:
And when for Autumn I would ſeek,
'Tis in the Apples of thy cheek:
But that which onely moves my ſmart,
Is to ſee Winter in thy heart:
Strange, when at once in one appear,
All the four ſeaſons of the year!
Ile claſp that neck where ſhould be ſet
A rich and Orient Carkanet:
But Swains are poor, admit of then
More naturall chains, the arms of men.
Come let me touch thoſe breſts that ſwel
Like two fair Mountains, and may well
Be ſtil'd the Alpes, but that I fear
The Snow has leſs of whiteneſs there.
But ſtay (my Love) a fault I ſpie,
Why are theſe two fair Fountains drie?
Which if they run, no *Muſe* would pleaſe
To taſte of any Spring but theſe;
And *Ganimede* imploy'd ſhould be,
To fetch his *Jove* Nectar from thee:
Thou ſhalt be Nurſe fair *Venus* ſwears,
To the next *Cupid* that ſhe bears.

Were

Were it not then diſcreetly done
To ope one ſpring to let tWo run?
Fy, fy, this Belly, Beauty's mint,
Blnſhes to ſee no coyn ſtamyt in't,
Employ it then, for though it be
Our Wealth, it is your royalty;
And beaut ywell have cnrrant grace,
Lhat bears the Image of yovr face,
How to the touch thc Ivory thiges,
Veil gently, rnd againe do riſe,
As pliable to impreſſion,
As virgins wax, or *parian* ſtone,
Diſſoly'd to ſoftneſſe; plump, and full,
More whire and ſoft then *cotſall wooll*,
Or Cotten fron from the *indian* Tree,
or prdty ſilk worms huſpifery,
Theſe on two marbledellars rais'd,
Make me in donpt which ſhould be prais'd;
They, or their Columnes muſt; but when
I view thoſe feet wnicn I nave ſeen
So nimbly trip it c're the lawns
Thrt all the *Srtyrs* and the fawns
Have ſtood amaz'd, when they would paſſe
Over the layes, and not a graſſe
Would feel the weight, nor ruſh, nor bent
Drooping betray which way you went,
O then I felt my hot deſires
Burn more, and flame with double fires,
Come let thoſe thighes, thoſe legs, thoſe feet
With mine in thouſand windings meet;

And

And woven in more ſubtle twiens
Then woodbine, Ivy, or the vines,
For when Love ſees us csrcling thus
He'le like no Arbour more then us.
Now let us kiſs, would you be gone?
Manners at leaſt allows me one.
Bluſh you at this? pretty one ſtay,
And I will take that kiſs away.
Thus with a ſecond, and that too
A third wipes off; ſo will we go
To numbers that the ſtars out-run,
And all the Atomes in the Sun:
For though we kiſs till *Phœbus* ray
Sink in the Seas, and kiſſing ſtay,
Till his bright beames return again,
There can of all but one remain:
And if for one good manners call,
In one, good manners, grant me all.
Are kiſſes all? they but fore-run
Another duty to be done.
What would you of that Minſtrell ſay
That tunes his pipes and will not play?
Say what are bloſſoms in their prime,
That ripen not in harveſt time?
Or what are buds that ne're diſcloſe
The long'd for ſweetneſſe of the roſe?
So kiſſes to a Lover;s gueſt
Are invitatiohs; not the feaſt,
See every thing that we eſpie
Is fruitfull ſaving you and I:

View all the Fields, ſurvey the Bowers,
The buds, the bloſſomes, and the Flowers,
And ſay if they ſo rich could be
In barren baſe Virginity:
Earth's not ſo coy as you are now,
But willingly admits the Plow;
For how had man or beaſt been fed,
If ſhe had kept her Maiden-head?
Cælia once coy, as are the reſt,
Hangs now a Babe on either breaſt:
And *Cloris* ſince a man ſhe took,
Has leſs of greenneſs in her look:
Our Ewes have ean'd, and every Dam,
Gives ſuck unto her tender Lamb:
As by theſe Groves we walkt along,
Some Birds were feeding of their young;
Some on their Eggs did brooding ſit,
Sad that they had not hatch'd them yet;
Thoſe that were ſlower then the reſt,
Were buſie building of their Neſt:
You will not onely pay the fine,
You vow'd and ow'd to *Valentine*.
As you were angling in the Brook,
With ſilken Line and ſilver Hook,
Through Chryſtal ſtreams you might deſery
How vaſt and numberleſs a Fry
The Fiſh had ſpawnd, that all along
The bancks were crowded with the throng;
And ſhall fair *Venus* more command
By water, then ſhe doth by Land?

The *Phœnix* chaſte, yet when ſhe dies,
Her ſelf with her own Aſhes lies:
But let thy love more wiſely thrive,
To do the act while th'art alive:
'Tis time we left our childiſh love,
That trades for toyes, and now approve
Our abler skill; they are not wiſe,
Look Babies onely in the eyes.
That ſmother'd ſmile ſhews what you meant
And modeſt ſilence gives conſent.
That which we now prepare, will be
Beſt done in ſilent ſecreſie:
Come do not weep, what is't you fear?
Leſt ſome ſhould know what we did here.
See not a flower you preſt is dead,
But re-erects his bended head;
That whoſoere ſhall paſs this way,
Knows not by theſe where *Phillis* lay;
And in your fore-head there is none,
Can read the act that we have done.

Phillis.

Poor rediculous and ſimple Maid!
By what ſtrange wiles art thou betray'd!
A treaſure thou haſt loſt to day,
For which thou canſt no ranſome pay:
How black art thou transform'd with ſin?
How ſtrange a guilt gnawes me within?
Grief will convert this red to pale,
When every Wake and Whitſun-Ale,

Shall

Shall talk my ſhame; break, break ſad heart
There is no Medicine for my ſmart,
No herb nor balm can cure my ſorrow,
Unleſſe you meet again to morrow.

Two Gentlemen inviting each other to ſing.

COme with our Voyces let us warre,
and challenge all the Spheares,
Till each of us be made a Starre,
and all the world turn Deares.

Mix then our Notes that we may prove,
to ſtay the walking floods,
To make the Mountain Quaries move,
and call walking the Woods.

What need of me, do you but ſing,
Sleep and the Graves ſhall wake;
No voyce hath ſound, no voyce hath ſtring,
but what your lips do make.

They ſay the Angels view each deed,
who exerciſe below,
And out of inward paſſion feed,
in what they ſee or know.

Sing we no more then, leſt the beſt
of Angels ſhould be driven,
To fall again at ſuch a feaſt,
Miſtakes Earth for Heaven.

Nay, rather let our Notes be ſtrain'd,
to meet their high deſire;
So they in ſtate of Grace retain'd,
ſhall wiſh us of their Quire.

A Sonnet in praiſe of Muſick.

HAil, ſacred *Muſick*! Queen of Souls! ſtrike hie
Inſpire me with Poetick Rhapſodie,
Elſe words can't praiſe thee.
Thy *Vertue* tunes the diſcord of the Spheares,
Charming to it divine and Humane eares,
Nor can breath raiſe thee!
Whoſe Aires breath a more harmonious winde,
Mounting above it ſelf, the heavieſt minde,
In ſpight of Nature.
Thy raviſhing Accents, with holy force,
Can 'twixt our Soules and bodies cauſe divorce,
Chear ſulleneſt creature!
Strike but thy *Lute* with thy more gentle hand,
The *Nightingale* will mute, with liſtning ſtand,
Charm'd to thy pleaſure.

And

And when thy Note but runs diviſion,
The very Tree ſhall dance ſhe ſits upon,
keep mean and meaſure;
The Palm will dance, the Bay her root forgo
The Cedar, Mirtle, Vine will foot it too:
When in the midſt of all their frolick train,
Thou ſtrik'ſt a ſad note, they'r fixt trees again.

On Jealouſie.

WHen you ſit muſing Lady al alone, (moan
Caſting up all your cares with private
Whē your hart bleeds with grief, you are no more
Neerer comfort, then you were before;
You cannot mend your ſtate with ſighs or cares,
Sorrow's no Balſome for diſtruſtful fears:
Have you a foe you hate? wiſh him no worſe
A plague or torment then the Yellow curſe;
Obſerve your Lord with nere ſo ſtrict an eye,
You cannot go to piſs without a ſpye;
If but a Mouſe do ſtir about your bed,
He ſtartles, and fears he is diſhonoured,
And when a jealous dream doth croſs his pate,
Straight he reſolves he will be ſeperate;
Tell me right worthy Cuckolds if you can,
What good this folly doth reflect on man?
Are women made more loyal? Have ye power
To guard the tree, that none can pluck the flower

Is it within the brain of jealous heads,
To baniſh Luſt from Court or Courtly beds:
I never knew that baſe and foul diſtruſt,
Made any chaſt that had a mind to luſt;
Nor will it make her honeſt, who by kind,
To looſe and vild affections is inclin'd;
Debar her Lord, ſhe to ſupply his room,
Will take a horſ-boy, or a Stable-Groom;
Keep her from men of lower rank and place,
She'l kiſs the Scullion, & with knaves imbrace,
Suſpect her faith withall, and all diſtruſt,
She'l buy a Monkey to ſupply her luſt;
Lock her from man and beaſt, from all content,
She'l make thee Cuckold with an Inſtrument;
For women are like angry Maſtiffs chain'd,
They bite at all, when they are all reſtrain'd;
We may ſet locks & guards to watch their fire,
But have no means to quench their hot deſire,
Man may as well with cunning go about
To quench the Gun his motion, as by doubt
To keep a metled woman, if that ſhe
Strongly diſpoſe her ſelf to Venery.
How many thouſand women that were Saints,
Are now made ſinfull by unjuſt reſtraints?
How many do commit for very ſpight,
That take ſmall pleaſure in that ſweet delight?
Some are for malice, ſome are for mirth unjuſt,
Some kiſs for love, and ſome do love for luſt,
But if that Fates intend to make me bleſt,
And *Hymen* bind me to a female breſt,

(As yet I thank my ſtarrs I am not tide,
In ſervile Bonds to any wanton Bride)
Let *Cynthia* be my Creſt, yea let me wear
The Cuckolds Badge, if I diſtruſt or fear:
It's told me oft, a ſmooth and gentle hand,
Keeps women more in awe of due command,
Then if we put a *Quinſel* on their Dock,
Ride them with Bitts, ſet on their geer a Lock,
For then like furious Colts they ſtrike & fling,
But if we ſlack our Reins, to pleas their will,
Kindneſs will keep them from committing ill:
You bleſſed Creatures hold your female right,
Conquer by day, as you orecome by night,
And tell the jealous World this from me,
Bondage may make you bad, whoſe minds are free:
Had *Colatine* been jealous, ſay this more,
Without a Rape, *Lucrece* had been a Whore.

A Caveat to his Miſtris.

BEware fair Maid of Musky Courtiers oaths;
Take heed what gifts & favors you receive,
Let not the fading gloſs of ſilken cloathes,
Dazzel your vertues, or your fame bereave;
For loſe but once the hold you have of grace
Who will reſpect your fortune or your face.

Each

Each greedy hand doth ſtrive to catch the flour
When none regards the ſtock it grew upon,
Each nature loves the fruit ſtill to devour,
And leaves the Tree to grow, or fade alone;
Then this advice fair creature take from me,
Let none taſte fruit, unleſs he take the Tree.
Take heed leſt *Cæſar* doth corrupt thy heart,
Or fond Ambition ſcale thy modeſty,
Say to a King, thou only courteth Art;
He cannot pardon thy impurity;
For do with one, with a thouſand thou'lt
turn Whore,
Break Ice in one place, and it cracks in more.
Do but with King, to Subject thou wilt fall,
From Lord to Lackey, and at laſt to all.

An Embleme of Youth, Age, and Death, expreſſed in a Cherry-ſtone, on the one ſide is cut a young Damſel, on the other an old Beldam, The ſtone Hyeroglifically expreſſeth Death.

FAir Miſtris be not over-coy,
In entertaining of this toy;
The Morall of its pretty Art,
Deſerves a lodging next your heart,
For 'tis an Emblem (faireſt truſt me)
Of what you are now, and what you muſt be,

Except that envious Death prevent,
Rich Natures first benigne intent,
Then doth the gospel of the Stone,
Prove life and death to dwell in one;
For this poor Moddel which you view,
Did sometimes wear as rich a hew,
As nature gives to any fair,
Whilst it grew blushing in the Air,
Whose tempting colour, and whose taste,
Brought it to what you see at last;
Nay had it hung still on the Tree,
It would have prov'd the same you see,
Save that the Artists hand alone,
For your sake hath his cunning shown;
Then rarest object of my sight,
Unfold this three-fold Riddle right,
And learn from it, your April years,
Bloomes not more fruit of joy then fears;
And that your beauty is a treasure
By Nature lent you, at whose pleasure
You must restore it when she'l call,
And give account for use and all,
And that your winter frosty dayes,
Brings Almond-buds instead of Bayes
To crown your temples, and with glory
To close the period of your story.
If those rich Jems which should have lasted,
Have not in your youth been wasted,
But (Prodigal-like) if thou have spent
Natures bounties being but lent,

And then your laſt of dayes is come,
To give you ſummons to your home,
You muſt with grief return to duſt,
She will no longer lend on truſt,
Your beauties Reliques as this Stone,
Will be a dry contemned bone;
Perhaps like it ſome friend vouchſafe,
To grave thereon your Epitaph,
Which may be read if not neglected,
This is the moſt can be expected.

Sir *S. Steward.*

To his Lady.

SO may my Verſes pleaſing be,
So may you laugh at them; and not at me,
'Tis ſomething to you I would gladly ſay,
But how to do it, cannot find the way;
I would avoid the common trodden wayes,
To Ladies us'd, which be of Love or praiſe,
As for the firſt, that little wit I have,
Is not yet grown ſo neer unto the Grave,
But that I can by that dim fading light,
Perceive of what, and unto whom I write,
Let ſuch as in a hopeleſs, witleſs rage,
Can ſigh a Quire, and read it to a Page;

Such as can make ten Sonnets ere they reſt,
When each is but a great blot at the beſt,
Such as can backs of books and windows fill,
With their too furious Diamond or Quill,
Such as are well reſolved to end their dayes,
With a lowd laughter blown beyond the Seas;
Such as are mortified, that they can live,
Laught at by all the world, and yet forgive:
Wright love to you. I would not willingly,
Be pointed at in every company,
As was the little Taylor, who till death,
Was great in love with Queen *Elizabeth*;
And for the laſt in all my idle dayes,
I never yet did living woman praiſe,
In Verſe or Proſe, And when I do begin,
I'le pick ſome woman out as full of ſin,
As you are full of Vertue, with a ſoul,
As black as yours is white, a face as foul
As yours is beautifull; for it ſhall be
Out of the Rules of Phiſiognomie;
So far, that I do fear I muſt diſplace
The Art a little, to let in the face;
It ſhall at leaſt four faces be below
The Devils; and her parched corps ſhall ſhow,
In her looſe skin, as if ſome ſpirit ſhe were,
Kept in a bag by ſome great Conjurer;
Her breath ſhall be ſo horrible and vild,
As every word you ſpeak is meet and mild,
It ſhall be ſuch a one as will not be,
Covered with any Art or Policie,

But

But let her take all waters, fumes, and drink,
She ſhall make nothing but a dearer ſtink,
She ſhall have ſuch a foot, and ſuch a noſe,
As will not ſtand in any thing but Proſe;
If I beſtow my praiſes upon ſuch,
'Tis Charity, and I ſhall merit much;
My praiſe will come to her like a full bowl,
Beſtowed at moſt need on a thirſty ſoul;
Where if I ſing your praiſes in my Rime,
I looſe my Ink, my paper, and my time,
Adde nothing to your overflowing ſtore,
And tel you nought but what you knew before
Nor do the vertuous minded (which I ſwear
Madam I think you are) endure to hear
Their own perfections into queſtion brought,
But ſtop their ears at them, for if I thought,
You took a pride to have your vertues known,
Pardon me Madam, I ſhould think them none;
But if your brave thoghts (which I muſt reſpect
Above your glorious Titles) ſhall accept
Theſe harſh diſordered Lines, I ſhall ere long,
Dreſs up your vertues new in a new Song,
Yet farre from all baſe praiſe or flattery,
Although I know what ere my Verſes be,
They will like the moſt ſervile flattery ſhew,
If I write truth, and make my ſubject you.

A Description of a wisht Mistris.

NOt that I wish my Mistris,
Or more or less then what she is
Write I these Lines, for 'tis too late,
Rules to prescribe unto my Fate:
But as those tender stomacks call,
For some choice meats that like not all;
So queasie Lovers do impart,
What Mistris 'tis must take their heart:
First I would have her richly sped,
With Natures blossomes white and red,
For flaming hearts will quickly dye,
That have no fewell from the eye;
Yet this alone will never win,
Unless some treasure lye within;
For where the spoil's not worthy stay,
Men raise the Siege and march away:
She should be wise enough to know,
When, and to whom a grace to show,
For she that doth at randome chuse,
Will sure her choyse as well refuse;
And yet methinks I'd have her mind,
To loving courtesie inclin'd,
And tender-hearted as a Maid,
And pitty only when I pray'd:

And I would wish her true to be,
Mistake me not, I mean to me,
She that loves one, and loves one more,
Will love the Kingdome, ore and ore;
I could wish her full of wit,
So she knew how to huswife it;
But she whose insolence makes her dare
To try her wit, will sell her Ware.
Some other things delight will bring,
As if she dance, or play, or sing;
If hers be safe, what though her parts,
Catch then a thousand forreign hearts?
But let me see, should she be proud,
A little pride must be allow'd?
Each amourous boy will sport & prate
Too freely, if she find no state?
I care not much though I set down,
Sometime a chiding, or a frown:
But if she wholly quench desire,
'Tis hard to kindle a new fire:
To smile, to toy, is not amiss,
Sometimes to enterpose a kiss,
But not cloy, sweet things are good,
And pleasant, but are nought for food.
But stay, Nature hath overcaught my Art
In her, to whom I offer up my heart,
And evening-passengers shall sooner trace,
The wantō beams that dance on *Thames* smooth (face

Or

Or find the track where once the fowl did ſtray
Or the moiſt ſands which tides have waſht away
Then ere my heart be ſound with taint or ſpot,
So a revolt of hers procure it not.

Ad Amicum.

THou art the Spring, & I the leaveleſs Tree,
Thou art the flower, and I the toyling Bee;
Thou art the Flax, and I the kindling fire,
I your diſdain, but you my hearts deſire:
You are the Bride which doth ingage my breſt,
My thoughts in yours, though yours elſewhere do reſt:
Say that I reſt my lips upon thy cheek,
A wearied love ſome place of reſt muſt ſeek,
No pillow ſofter then thoſe cheeks of thine,
No wearied love more wearied is then mine:
Then be not coy to anſwer what I require,
You need not bluſh at what I do deſire,
Say that your love doth ſome way elſe incline,
Yet I am yours, though you will not be mine.

The Question of a Lady that was newly wedded.

A Lady that of late did wed,
Not knowing ſports of Marriage bed,
Askt of her Husband which he thought moſt right
For Marriage ſports, the morning or the night,
He anſwer'd as he did think moſt meet,
The day more holſom but the night moſt ſweet
If it be ſo, quoth ſhe, and we have leaſure,
We'l to't ith' day for health, all night for pleaſure.

Dr. Dun's *Anſwer to a Lady.*

Lady.

SAy not you love unleſs you do,
For lying will not honour you.

Anſwer of the Doctors.

Lady I love, and love to do,
And will not love unleſs be you.
You ſay I lye, I ſay you lye, chooſe whether,
But if we both lye, let us lye together.

Of

Of his eſtate with Love.

THe more I ſeek to find the depth of Love,
The more I find my ſelf to ſeek therein;
For when I thought the fruit thereof to prove,
I was methought, as when I did begin;
In Love and Vertue wiſe men wiſely ſay,
The more a man doth go, the more he may.
For as it comes at firſt, I know not how,
So doth it bring at length I know not what;
And when we ſtand as tho we would not bow,
Then doth it break our force, and caſt us flat;
And making us to run an endleſs courſe,
Oft ſeems to mend, but waxeth worſ & worſ.
Some lay the fault in Love, and ſom again
In them that love, I mean the women kind,
I have juſt cauſe with others to complain,
But to complain I never had the mind;
For what doth it avail me to complain,
If my complaint may not releaſe my pain.
When I complain aright, ſhe takes it ill,
And for amends ſhe anſwers me no force,
When I complain amiſs, ſhe rageth ſtill,
And for amends, ſhe makes it ever worſe,
I find no fault in her I may excuſe,
'Tis my ill luck that ſhe doth me refuſe.

Which

Which maketh me uncertain what, or how,
To say or think of me, or of my Love,
I saw before, with grief I see it now,
'Tis labour loſt, her ſetled mind to move;
Though ſhe make more of me, then of the moſt
I count but ill, that count without my Hoſt.
Then I deſerve, ſhe doth a great deal more,
And yet a great deal leſs then I deſire,
Would God ſhe kept her courteous *deeds* in ſtore
So that her ſelf with love were ſet on fire:
Her deeds are ſuch, as I may not complain,
It is her heart that puts my heart to pain.
She doth to me that which to all ſhe muſt,
And yet as though it were to me alone,
Her beſt ſhe layes up for her beſt betruſt,
Who is her all in all, and yet but one:
In love and vertue wiſe men wiſely ſay,
The more we ſpend, ſtil ſpend the more we (may
Thus do I feed on leaves inſtead of fruit,
Inſtead of bodies, ſhadows me content,
In my account, Cyphers for Numbers go,
My feaſting *Chriſtmas* is a faſting *Lent*:
And yet no wrong, for my deſert is ſmall,
And all the world is ſubject to her call.

When

When he had written this, ſhe read it, and ſaid, that he writ it more to ſhew his wit, then for any good will, whereupon he thus replyed.

BUt what do I in vain my paper ſpend,
without al hope againſt the ſtream to move
Needs muſt I end, although I know no end,
If not to love, yet for to ſpeak of Love,
She ſays that this, ſhe ſays that all I writ,
was nothing elſe but for to ſhew my wit.
And would to God my wit did ſhew no more,
Then I delight to ſhew my wit therein,
It were more wit to keep my love in ſtore,
Then utter all, when none of hers is ſeen;
Mine is ſo much, ſhe keeps her own in ſtore,
If mine were leſs, her own would be the more

To his Love upon complaint of the uncertainty of his eſtate: She anſwered him, that he ſhould never have cauſe to repent.

MY heart the Ship, that was toſt to & fro,
By winds of fear, by waves of deep deſpair

In

In certain courſe, uncertain what to do,
Or how to find the weather ever fair,
At length is got into the Port of reſt,
To wit, his only beſt beloved breſt.
And knit with faith, as with a Cable Rope,
Which wil not ſhrink, though all the world do fail,
Unto the Anchor of undoubted hope,
In hope at length with wind and tide to ſail;
He careth not though winds do blow abroad
So he may find his harbour in the road.
A ſmall aſſurance more contents the mind,
The greater hope of greater hope to come,
That which is looſe, you may with eaſe unwind
The way to all, is to be ſure of ſome,
Which ſith you grant, I hold my ſelf content,
With that you ſay, I never ſhall repent.
He that hopes you ſaid of him as you meant,
That he never ſhould have cauſe to repent.

To his Love when ſhe ſaid that her love was a burthen unto him.

MY Love, why doſt thou think thy love
a burthen unto me,
I never felt a thing ſo light,
as it doth ſeem to be,
Or if thy love a burthen be,
as thou doſt ſay my dear,

Why thinkſt thou me unable, or
unwilling it to bear,
It is no burthen for to have,
but for to want thy love,
From which I do not, cannot, ought
not, will not me remove:
The love is light, and doth delight,
that hath the greateſt part:
The love is heavy that is leaſt,
and makes a heavy heart;
Then if thy love a burthen be,
as thou doſt ſeem to ſay,
Think that it never troubles me,
but when it goes away.

To his Miſtris on New-years-day.

TO give a Gift, where all the Gifts
of God ſo much abound,
What is it elſe but even to adde,
a penny to a pound?
To wiſh you years, though they be New,
which yet may make you old,
What is it, but to wiſh you years
of ſilver for your Gold?
Yet do I ſend a ſimple Gift,
to ſhew my great good will,
And wiſh withall that all your years
be new and happy ſtill.

To a Friend, on the word Wife.

THe *W.* is double wo; the *I.* nought elſe but Jealouſie,
The *F.* is fawning flattery, the *E.* what elſe but enmity:
If in the Name there be ſuch ſtrife,
Then God defend me from a Wife.

Upon a Merchant.

THere was a man, and he was *ſemper idem*,
And to be brief he was *mercator quidem*,
He had a wife was neither tall nor *brevis*,
Yet in her carriage was accounted *levis*,
He to content her gave her all things *ſatis*,
She to requite him made him Cuckold *gratis*.

To his Love upon New-years Even, when they were upon parting.

IF you will leave me, leave me, dear,
Or now or never with the Year,

For now the Year is at an end,
And now each friend renews his friend,
And now the date of love expires,
And now the time truth requires,
And now your friends envy at me,
And now it muſt or never be.

If you do mean to love me, dear,
Begin to morrow with the year,
For then doth love it ſelf renew,
And every friend perform his due,
Then to and fro the Gifts are ſent,
And paid as if it were for rent,
And then of friends the moſt we make,
Another Leaſe of Love to take.

If you will neither leave, nor love,
As by conjecture I can prove;
You do me wrong to hold me on,
You wrong your ſelf to care for none;
You wrong the face that God you gave,
You wrong the other gifts you have,
And in revenge of this your wrong,
Shall love I hope, and lack as long:
Wherefore or love, or leave me, dear,
Or now, or never, with the Year.

To his Heart.

MY Heart why doſt thou bodily fear,
that thou doſt love in vain?
Why doſt thou fear that gentle meanes,
will make thee live in pain?
What though thy Love did never care,
for wearing of a man?
What though more craft lurk in her breaſt,
then ſhe diſſemble can?
Thy choice is good, thy love is great,
thy faith is true as ſteel:
She's wiſe, what wilt thou more? why doſt
thou fear before thou feel?

The Hearts Anſwer.

ALas, what ſhould I do but fear,
how I may be ſecure?
Of that which none could yet come neer;
how may poor I be ſure?
What though I have the name to be,
the greateſt in her books?
What though ſhe feed me once a day,
even with her kindeſt looks?

Her choyce is paſt, her love beſtowed,
hear faith no faith can move,
I moſt unworthy; ſhall I hope
to gain ſo good a love?

A Reply to his Heart.

MY heart why doſt thou reaſon thus,
According to thy ſenſe?
Why doſt thou make an evill cauſe,
the worſe be thy defence?
What though her choice be paſt? her love
beſtowed, her faith too true,
What though thou moſt unworthy be,
to ſuch a one to ſue?
In choyce is change, in love miſlike,
faith uſed ill may faile.
Full many ſpeed unworthily,
why ſhould'ſt thou ſtrike the ſayle.

The Hearts Anſwer.

ALas, to reaſon for my ſelf,
is but to breed my bane,
And to be proud of mine eſtate,
when I am in the wane.

What

What though in choice, in love, in faith,
we many changes ſee?
What though in my unworthineſs,
ſhe may eſteem of me?
Such choice is chance, ſuch love is light,
ſuch faith is alſo frail,
And they that ſpeed unworthily,
unworthily may fail.

Of Love.

WHat thing is love? the worſt & yet the beſt,
A world of cares, and yet a mart of toyes,
A ſea of dangers, yet the Haven of reſt,
A hell of torments, yet a Heaven of joyes,
A world, a ſea, a hell to tender hearts,
A Mart, a Haven, a heaven to eaſe their ſmarts
How doth it come? that way it ſeemeth leaſt,
It fiſheth here, and hangeth there a bait,
It hoiſteth ſayl when it doth Anchor caſt,
And ſtrikes Alarm when it ſounds retreat,
And when we think we have it at the bay,
We may be ſure it ſteals another way.
What are the works of love? more neat then fit
For any uſe, and more in skill then proof,
The fine conceits of every fineſt wit,
Of greater care and labour then behoof,
Much like the web that Spiders weave on hie
Which have no uſe but even to catch a Flie.

What is the end of Love? ſtill to begin,
And not to have or ſight, or hope of end,
About a little to be long, and in
An endleſs ſuit, a thankleſs time to ſpend;
Much like the wheel that turning ever round
Doth run apace, and yet can get no ground.

When he was to go into the Countrey.

ANd muſt I go, from whom? what ſhall I (ſay?
From hope, from health, from love, from life, from all,
That was, or is, or may be any way,
My greateſt comfort in each kind of thrall,
And that beyond the Seas into an Ile,
Where from my joyes I muſt my ſelf exile.

What though my native Country be the place?
What though it be to ſee my Father dear?
What though it be my Mother to imbrace?
And take her bleſſing for this whole two year?
What though it were 10000. friends to ſee,
100000. times this one more pleaſeth me.

To his only one when he was in the Country.

LEt fools beleeve that abſence cureth love,
Or cools the heart, that eye hath ſet on fire,
I ſee, I ſee, the farther I remove,
The farther off I am from my deſire;
And find too well the wound I took by ſight
Is nothing leſs, but rather more by flight.

For thogh mine eye did daily wound my heart
Yet did I ſee withall thy lovely face,
Now every thought gives cauſ of greater ſmart
Becauſe I want the hope of wonted grace,
The only thing wherein I now delight,
Is that thou doſt to me ſo kindly write.

If thou didſt know what pleaſure I do take,
In every line that thou doſt write to me,
How I do ſcan each letter for thy ſake,
To pick what kindneſs I may out of thee:
I know that thou wouldſt write once a week
to me,
In reading thine, methinks I talk with thee.

To her again.

How far? how long am I, and ſhall I be
From that ſweet ſoul, whoſe looks doe
feed mine eye?
How far? how long ſhal ſhe be kept from me,
In whom, with whom, to whom I live and dy?
For place, I take each ſtep a mile to be,
For time each hour doth ſeem a year to me.

Methinks the Sun doth greater leiſure take,
Then he was wont, to linger out the day,
Methinks he goes, as if his legs did ake,
And time it ſelf doth make no haſte away,
If I might rule the Chariot of the Sun,
I would be bound to make it night at noon.

But be I far; or be I long from thee,
I am thine own, and thine alone my dear,
No time, no place ſhall change or alter me,
Though ſteps were miles, & every hour a year;
Perſwade thy ſelf that I am with thee ſtill,
Though I be here, in part, againſt my will.

When ſhe told him ſhe loved as well as he.

AS well as I? too good for to be true,
As well as I? too ſweet for to be ſure,
As well as I? a ſpeech too kind for you,
As well as I? too ſudden to endure:
As well as I? As well as I, I ſay;
I ask no more, I wiſh no fairer play.

As well as I? then muſt you change your vain,
And watch your times to make your love be ſeen,
As well as I? then muſt you leave diſdain,
And ſhew your ſelf more kind then you have been:
As well as I? As well as I, I ſay,
I ask no more, I wiſh no fairer play.

As well as I? then will I ſtrive to do
More then I can, to make you do as much,
As well as I? then will I be to you,
More then I am, to make you to be ſuch:
As well as I? As well as I, I ſay,
I ask no more, I wiſh no fairer play.

To his Love.

IF any be content with words, 'tis I,
If any not content with deeds, 'tis you;
If any fear your tongues like ſwords, 'tis I,
If any vex the heart that bleeds, 'tis you:
'tis you and I that make theſe ſayings true,
Diſdained I, and moſt diſdainfull you.

If any man do live by looks, 'tis *I*,
If any woman loves by fits, 'tis you;
If any leave for love his books, 'tis *I*,
If any bats the edge of wits, 'tis you:
'Tis you and *I* that make theſe ſayings true,
Unhappy *I*, and more then happy you.

If any ſtrive againſt the ſtream, 'tis *I*,
With wind and tide, if any go, 'tis you
If any be more then they ſeem, 'tis *I*,
If any think leſs then they know, 'tis you:
'Tis you and *I* that make theſe ſayings true,
Unfeigning *I*, and deep diſſembling you.

If any pluck for prime, and miſs, 'tis *I*,
If any pluck for fluſh, and hit, 'tis you,
When colour holds, if any looſe, 'tis *I*,
By contraries, if any get, 'tis you.
'Tis you, to whom all gains prove for the beſt
'Tis *I* that on all gains do looſe my reſt.

A Fancie of Love.

THe Sun had run his race, and now began
His Steeds to water in the Weſtern Seas,
When ſuddenly the ſky waxt pale and wan,
And night drew on the time of reſt and eaſe:
I lay me down to take my ſleep in bed,
And lo what fancies came into my head.
Faſt by my ſide there ſeemed one to ſtand,
I know not how poſſeſt on every part,
Poſſeſt on either foot, on either hand,
Poſſeſt on head, but moſt poſſeſt on heart;
Ladies they ſeem'd, that did divide him ſo,
And ſtill at odds both draw him to and fro.
I ſigh to think, how I did ſigh in ſleep,
And full of pitty, pittied his eſtate,
I ſcarce can hold to think how he did weep,
And make complaint of his unhappy fate;
Yet went I on to ſee what Dames they were,
That did the ſilly ſoul in pieces tear.
Upon his heart, his tender heart I ſaw,
Love like a Prince ſit in a Chair of State,
Under her feet lay all his thoughts in awe,
Not daring once their caſe for to debate;
The reaſon was, reaſon it ſelf was fled,
And ſcarce did hold a corner of the head.

Upon

Upon this head did fooliſh fancy ſit,
Deviſing toyes his Miſtris mind to move,
I never ſaw the like conceits of wit,
As thence were ſent to get his Miſtris love:
And though he ſent unto her more and more
He never ſent the ſame he ſent before.
On either hand did ſit a modeſt Dame,
One on the left, another on the right,
One called *Hope*, the other *Faith* by name,
Too conſtant both for love that was but light;
Yet winged both, as if they would aſpire,
Faith with deſert, and *Hope* with hot deſire.
Upon his feet two ſpitefull ones did ſit,
To weigh him down, & nail him to the ground
To clog his hope, his faith, his love his wit,
From getting her to whom he would be bound
To wit, diſtruſt, that hindred faith to flye,
Deſpair, that hindred hope to mount on hye.
While I ſtood muſing at his wofull caſe,
She paſſed by that puts him to this pain,
It grieved me to ſee ſo ſweet a face,
To bear a hand ſo armed with diſdain,
And as his faith began to plead deſart,
With her diſdain, ſhe thruſt him through the heart.
Do I ſay him? I feel my ſelf her hand,
This very wound doth drive my dream away,
Well may I dream that others by me ſtand,
But when I wake, I muſt the perſon play:
Well may I dream this deed by others true,
But when I wake, it can be none but you.

When

When he knew not how to pleaſe her.

IF any man an endleſs maze do tread,
Where neither in nor out he finds the way,
If any's fancy be by reaſon lead,
To one that doth both dally and delay,
If any Anchor caſt in careleſs Coſt,
'Tis only I that ſtudy to be loſt.
My wit is ſnar'd within a Serpents head,
Where there are many turnings to and fro,
My fooliſh heart is yet with reaſon led,
To think it reaſon that it ſhould be ſo:
And I my ſelf, I grant, do ſtudy moſt
Conceits of wit, by which I may be loſt.
What will you have me do? what will you not?
Shal I be yours? not ſo, mine own? nor ſo?
Go I away, I have a new love got,
Stay I, what get I, but but in faith Sir no?
Wiſh I your love, you ſay I wiſh no reaſon,
Touch I you breſt, you ſay I offer treaſon.
How will you have me to behave me then?
Not yours, and yet but yours I may not be,
As touching, ſo not touching doth offend,
Go I, or ſtay I, there is fault in me,
Yet muſt I ſtill in this or that offend,
Untill you tell how I may both amend.

In

In truth.

INn truth ſometime it was a ſweet conceit,
To think how *Truth* & *Love* did live together
But now *in truth* there is ſo much deceit,
That *truth* indeed is gone I know not whither;
Yet liveth *truth*, and hath its ſecret *Love*,
And *Love* in *Truth* deſerves to be regarded;
And *Love regard* in conſcience doth approve,
Approved truth can never be diſcarded:
Then try me firſt, and if that true you prove me,
In truth *you wrong me, if you do not love me.*

Upon a Diſcourteſie.

CLoſe up thy lids mine eye, thy leaves mine eare,
Put up thy pipes my tongu, thy ſtripes my heart
Head hide thy ſelf, wit leave thy fancies dear,
Hand, let thy pen no more it ſelf impart;
For when eye ſees, ear hears, heart feels diſdain
How may I ſpeak, or write, or think but pain.

Head

Head akes with caſting fancies in his mold,
Hand ſhakes with ſetting of theſe fancies down
Hart quaks to think that love ſhud wax ſo cold
And each part takes my wrong to be his own;
But yet ſince you in them do me forſake,
'Tis I, not they that ake, that ſhake, that quake.
My aking head can dream of nothing now,
But Agonies of a perplexed mind,
My ſhaking hand can write down nothing now
But fitts of Agues, ſhaking in their kind.
My quaking heart doth pant within my breaſt
That ſo great love ſhould find ſo little reſt.

Upon May-Day.

THis morning did I dream of merry *May*,
How I did riſe, and forth a *Maying* go,
To take the pleaſure of the pleaſant day,
In which we may without all fear of no;
Methought into a Park of Dear *I* came,
A pleaſant place, and full of pleaſing game.
A goodly pale it had about it round,
As even as Art could make, or Nature bear,
Which did ſet forth the goodneſs of the ground
And compaſs in the haſty flying Dear,
The Gate was made with claſp of ſilver faſt,
Where few or none without great favor paſt.

The

The froward Keeper did deny me way,
And askt me, how I durſt to come ſo neer?
Since it is *May* ſaid I, I truſt I may
Come in and out, ſo that I ſteal no Dear:
No, no, ſaid he, go *May* it other where,
Though it be *May*, you may not *May* it here.
With that I ſtood aloof the Park to view,
And over pale the pleaſures to behold,
Where I perceiv'd a Lawn of perfect hew,
Which did abound in pleaſures manifold,
Above the which a goodly hill there ſtood,
Upon the which, there grew a goodly wood.
Within the Gate I did a Cave eſpye, (wind,
Whence of ſweet breath there blew a pleaſant
Happy were he that at the mouth might lye,
To cool his heart, when hot he doth it find:
Yet farther in methought there did appear;
Two lively Springs, as any Chryſtal clear.
What kind of Dear it held, I need not tell,
It nothing held, that is not holden dear,
Each thing it held, became the Park ſo well,
It grieved me that I could not come neer:
But wo is me that in this pleaſant ground,
Beauty ſhould be the Dear, & love the Hound.

Of his Love, upon his purpoſe to travell.

AS vertuous men paſſe mild away,
And wiſper to their ſouls to go,
While ſome of their ſad friends do ſay,
Now his breath goes, and ſome ſay no:
So let us melt, and make no noiſe,
Nor tear flouds, nor ſigh tempeſts move,
'Twere profanation of our joyes,
To tell the Laity of our Love;
Movings of th'earth cauſe harms and fear,
Men reckon what they did, and meant,
But trepidations of the Sphere,
Though greater far, are innocent:
Dull ſublunary Lovers love,
Whoſe ſoul is ſenſe, cannot admit
Abſence, becauſe it doth remove
Thoſe things, which elemented it.
But we, by love ſo much refin'd,
That our ſouls know not what it is,
Enter aſſured of the mind,
Careleſs, eyes, lips, and hands do miſs:
Our two ſouls therefore which are one,
Though I muſt go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expanſion,
As gold to airy thinneſs beat.

If they be two, they are two so,
as ſtiff-twind Compaſſes are two.
Thy ſoul, the fixt foot makes no ſhoot
to move; yet doth, if th'other doe:
And though it in the Centre ſit,
yet while the other far doth rome,
It leanes and hearkens after it,
and growes erect, as that comes home.
Such then be thou to me, who muſt,
like th'other foot obliquelie run:
Thy firmneſs draws my circle juſt,
and makes me End where I begun.

J. Dun.

To his Miſtris of Love and Hate.

TAke heed of loving mee,
at leaſt remember I forbade it thee;
Not that I ſhall repair m'unthrifty waſte
of breath and blood, upon thy ſighs and tears,
And ſo recover my loſt ſoul at laſt:
for ſo great joy my life at once out-weares,
Then leaſt thy love by my death fruſtate be,
If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of Hating me.
Or too much triumph in thy Victorie;
Not that I ſhall be mine own Officer,

And

and Hate with Hate again Retaliate:
But thou wilt loooſe the name of *Conquerer*,
if I thy conqueſt periſh by thy hate.
Then leaſt my being nothing, leſſen thee,
if thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet *Love* and *Hate* me too;
So theſe Extreams ſhall neithers Office doe
Love me that I may dye the gentle way:
Hate me, becauſe thy Love's too great for me,
Or let theſe two themſelves, not me decay:
So ſhall I live thy Stage, not triumph be:
Then leaſt thy Love, hate, and me thou undo;
O let me live, O Love, and Hate me too.

His Dyet.

TO what a cumberſom unwealdineſs,
And burd'nous corpulence my love had grown
But that I did to make it leſs,
And keep it in proportion,
Give it a Dyet, made it feed upon,
That, which love worſt endures, diſcretion.

Above one ſigh a day I allow'd him not,
Of which my fortune, and my faults had part,
And if ſometimes by ſtealth he got,
A ſhe-ſigh from my Miſtris heart;
And though to feaſt on that, I let him ſee,
'Twas neither very ſound, nor want to me,

If he wrung from me a tear, I burnt it ſo
With ſcorn or ſhame, that him it nouriſht not,
If he ſuckt hers, I let him know,
'Twas not a tear which he had got,
His drink was counterfeit, as was his meat,
For eyes that roul towards all, weep not, but
(ſweat.
What ever he would diſtaſte, I wrote that,
But burnt my Letters, if ſhe writ to me,
and that favour that made him fat,
I ſaid, if any little be
Convey'd by this, ah, what doth it avail,
To be the fortieth name in an entail.

Thus I reclaim'd my Buzzard love to flye,
At what, and when, and how, & where I chuſe,
Now negligent of ſport I lye,
And now as other Faulkners uſe,
I ſpring a Miſtris, ſwear, write, ſigh, and weep,
And the game kil'd, or loſt, go talk, or ſleep.

Againſt Marriage.

THere never lived that married woman yet,
who truly could commend the wives eſtate
Though ſome perhaps in modſty and wit,
Will rather praiſe t, then ſhew their grief too late
This

This Marriage is a field of diſcontents,
All over-grown with a confuſed heap
Of wrongs, cares, and many ill events,
Which Husbands ſowe, but Wives are forc'd to reap:
Or like a priſon with a painted door,
Which paſſengers ſuppoſe a Princely place;
But entred in, they do repent full ſore,
Their former errour, and their preſent caſe:
O Maids beware of this *Toloſſe* gold,
'Tis fair in ſhew, but ruine doth infold.

Againſt Melancholy.

GO damned *Melancholy*, get thee hence,
Thou hell-bred fury, torment of the mind,
Weakner of wit, abuſer of the ſence,
Within whoſe bounds al miſchiefs are confin'd
Thou ſullen ſin, ſouls torture day and night,
Health-killing humour, Harbinger of Death,
Grave to content, darkner of beauties light,
Unto all good thou art the floud of *Leath*;
A waking dream, a ſpur to jealouſie;
A fond conveyer of a thouſand toyes;
The ready path which leads to Lunacie,
Is this bereaver of our earthly joyes:
The Gods, I think, when we deſerv their curſe,
Inflict this plague, becauſe there is no worſe.

Dr. *John Dun's Will.*

BEfore I ſigh my laſt gaſp, let me breathe
(Greet Love) ſome *Legacies*. Here I bequeath
Mine Eyes to *Argus*, if mine eyes can ſee;
If they be blinde, then Love I give them thee;
My tongue to *Fame*; t'Ambaſſadores mine ears;
to Women, or the Sea, my tears;
Thou Love haſt taught me heretofore,
By making me ſerve her wh'ad twenty more,
That I ſhould give to none but ſuch,
(as had too much before.

My Conſtancy I to the Plannets give,
My truth to them, who at the Court do live,
Mine Ingenuitie and openneſs
To *Jeſuites*, to Buffoons my penſiveneſs;
My ſilence t'any, who abroad have bin;
my Money to a *Capuchin*.
Thou, Love, taughts me, b'appointing me,
To love there, where no Love receiv'd could be,
Onely to give to ſuch as have an incapacitie.

I give my Reputation to thoſe
That were my Friends; my induſtrie to Foes:
To School-men I bequeath my doubtfulneſs;
My Sickneſs to Phyſitions, or Excuſe;

To

To Nature all that I in Rime have writ,
and to my company, my wit.
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her, who begot this love in me before,
Taughts me to make, as though I gave,
when I did but restore

To him, for whom the Passing Bell next towles,
I give my Physick Books; my written rowles,
Of morall Counsails, I to Bedlam give:
My brazen Meddalls unto them, which live
In want of bread; to them which passe among
all Forreiners, mine English tongue.
Thou Love, by making me Love one,
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger Loves, dost all my gifts
(thus disproportion.

Therefore Ile give no more, but I'le undoe
The world by dying, because Love dyes too:
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Then gold in Mynes, where none doth draw it
(forth.
And all your graces no more use shall have,
than a Sundyall in a Grave,
Thou Love taughtst me, by making me
Love her, who doth neglect both me and thee,
T'intent and Practise this one way t'annihilate
(all three.

J. D.

Elegies by Mr. *W. M.*

An Elegie on a Sexton.

I Many Grave have made, but enjoy'd none,
This which I made not, I poſſeſt alone;
Each Corps without embalming it did ſerve,
My life like precious Mummy to preſerve;
Death, which then kind, now cruel found I have
Rob'd me of life, which me my living gave;
No, Death is ſtill more kind, for in the Grave
Where once I labour had, now reſt I have;
I made good uſe of time, and night and day,
Had care and heed how the hour did paſs away;
I ſtill was ready for a Grave, nor ſhall
Grive at what moſt I joy'd, a Funerall:
As I was wont, though not ſo ſoon as then,
Out of the Grave I ſhall come forth agen.

On a Scrivener.

HEre to a period is the *Scrivener* come,
This is his laſt ſheet, his ful point, his Tomb
Of all Aſperſions I excuſe him not,
'Tis plain he liv'd not without many a blot,
Yet he no ill example ſhew'd to any,
But rather gave good Copies unto many;
He in good Letters had been alwayes bred,
And hath writ more then many men have read;
He Rulers had at his command by Law,
Although he could not hang, yet he could draw
His force more bondmen had & made then any,
A daſh alone of his Pen ruin'd many,
That not without great reaſon we may call,
His Letter great, or little Capitall,
Yet 'tis the *Scriveners* fault, as ſure as juſt,
When he hath all done, then he turns to duſt.

An Elegie on a Barber.

HEre's a mad Shaver laid, a cutting Lad,
That many trim feats, and ſom bald ones had;

His actions were but barbarous, and he
More poling was then Pettifoggers be,
And if his fingers lookt unto were not,
Twenty to one, but he would cut your throat,
But he that is not hair-brain'd needs not fear,
Maugre bald luck by him to loſe an hair:
I wonder then he dy'd that liv'd alone,
By excrements, hair, which can nouriſh none.
Such an hard workman we might hardly ſpare
This accident fell out againſt the hair,
Since in deaths Empire, of a barbar's trade,
(For dead mens hair doth grow) might uſe be made.
Death takes and ſoundly payes him, howſoere,
Here yet is left his equalls to an hair.

An Elegie on a Maſon.

SO long the *Maſon* wrought on others walls
That his own houſe of clay to ruine falls,
Which ſhall be new built and repair'd alone,
When heaven and earth have diſſolution;
He alwayes kept his actions within ſquare,
None of his doings but were regular;
He had a Trull, and that was vitious,
And climing high, he ſeem'd ambitious;
Though much of him, yet truly ſaid might be
No Lay-man did more edifie then he;

By laying Lime, he caught much foul, and none
Took with a hook more pain then he had done
No marvel spightful death wrought his annoy,
He sought to build, and death seeks to destroy.

On a Trumpeter.

IF that Fames Trumpet shall not speak thy worth,
Yet thou a Trumpet hadst to set it forth,
I thoght at last thou wuldst fal dead to ground
Having been long accustomed to sound;
Thou wer't too much puft up long time to last,
Needs must he dye whose life is but a blast;
Thee a *sound* fellow we did alwayes find,
Or thou like him that's with the Collick pin'd
Preservd'st thy life by letting forth of wind;
Camelian-like of ayre thou hadst thy food,
And 'twas a bad wind did blow thee no good;
Rob'd of thy windpipes once by cruel Death,
For want of breath thou dyd'st that liv'st by breath,
Pack up thy Pipes, here silent rest, till when,
A Trumpets sound make thee to live agen.

An

An Elegie on a Sailour.

NOw on dry land the Sailor he doth reſt
Aboard, here ſeeming cabin'd in a Cheſt,
The frail bark of's life, which ſtrange did ſound
For want of wind, not water, here's agrownd.
'Tis known ſome time a Landed man he was,
But had of late gone down the winde apace:
His life was fleeting and unſtaid; but Death
Made him a Grave-man, and him ſetled hath.
He could not but remember he muſt die,
That had his Shrowd each day before his eye,
Needs muſt his Corps long incorrupt abide,
Which ſeem'd inbalm'd with Pitch before he (dide.

An Elegie on a Hunter.

HEre lies a dogged fellow, who hath run
Out all his time, & now his courſe is don;
A running head he had, and did not ſcorne,
Though it did ſound abroad, to wear the horn.
His courſe ſo open was, that whoſoere
Obſerv'd it, ſoon might have him at a Hare.

He

He could not hunt thrift, yet his trace ſhal ſtand
He kept his Leaſes, though he ſold his Land.
He cannot leave his lying, though he die,
For he being dead, yet in his grave doth lye.
Lament his loſſe, that like a Hunter, he
Brought to his Grave, with a great *cry* might be.

An Elegie on a Tinker.

SIx foot at laſt, the wandring *Tinker* bound,
He ſilent reſts, whoſe *acts* once loud did *ſound*
At handy-ſtroakes he did no Valour lack,
Stout fellow that was *metled* at the back.
It ſeems a perfect *Alchymiſt* he was,
For into Silver he did turn his Braſs.
'Tis like he ſpake to purpoſe what he ſaid,
For he ſtill ſtrook the Nail upon the head.
He made two holes, while he did mend one *hole*,
And did his work by piece, and not the whole;
Often in Latine he would men beguile,
And yet ſpeak nought but *Engliſh* all the while.
His Noſe and Forehead, each a brazen one,
Carried the badge of his Occupation:
Yet had he not ſo ſoon come to an end,
T'had better been, for he each day did mend.

An Elegie on a Smith.

FArewell ſtowt *Iron-ſide*, not all thy Art
Could make a ſhield againſt Deaths envious dart.
Without a fault, no man his life doth paſs,
And to his Vice the *Smith* addicted was.
He oft (as Choller is encreaſt by fire)
Was in his fumes, and much inclin'd to ire,
He had been long ſo us'd to forge, that he
Was with a black Cole markt for Forgery;
But he for whiteneſs needed not to care,
H'ad but a *Black-ſmith* bin, though ne'r ſo fair.
Pragmaticall he ſeem'd by his deſire,
Still to have many Irons in the fire;
And opportunities he lacked not,
That knew to ſtrike then when the Irons hot;
As the door nails he made he's now as dead,
He them, & him hath Death knockt in the head

An Elegie on Squire Bug *a Shooemaker.*

HE that hath made ſo many ſouls of late,
Now wants a ſoul himſelf to animate,
That he ſo wrung them, many did complain,
But at the laſt he gave them eaſe again:

He

He ſometimes did work booty for his friends,
And whomſoe'r he ſerv'd, wrought his own ends;
But if to take the length of others foot
Shew cunning, none knew better how to do't:
He kept the old worlds cuſtome, by his trade
Reviv'd, for he of Leather Money made;
The Leather leſſen'd him to drink, which nere
Approved was, till it well Liquor'd were;
He well obſerv'd how he his life did ſpend,
Who ſaw each day that he was neer his end;
His death might welcome be to thoſe that uſe,
(Being bare themſelvs) to gape for dead mens ſhooes.

An Elegie on a Tapſter.

HEre lyes a man of reckning, often ſeen
t'have born much drink, & not diſtemperd been.
He ſeem'd a luſty Sword-man, for he would
Draw upon ſmall occaſion, and none ſhould
Scot-free eſape, that through his fingers paſt,
But they were ſure to pay for it at laſt.
Of his hard meaſure many have complain'd,
He car'd not while he out of meaſure gain'd;
Such was his pot-luck, that to high place when,
He had been call'd, ſoon he came down agen;
Now this draw-drink being dead by fatall hap,
Soon you ſhall have a freſh one at the Tap.

FINIS.